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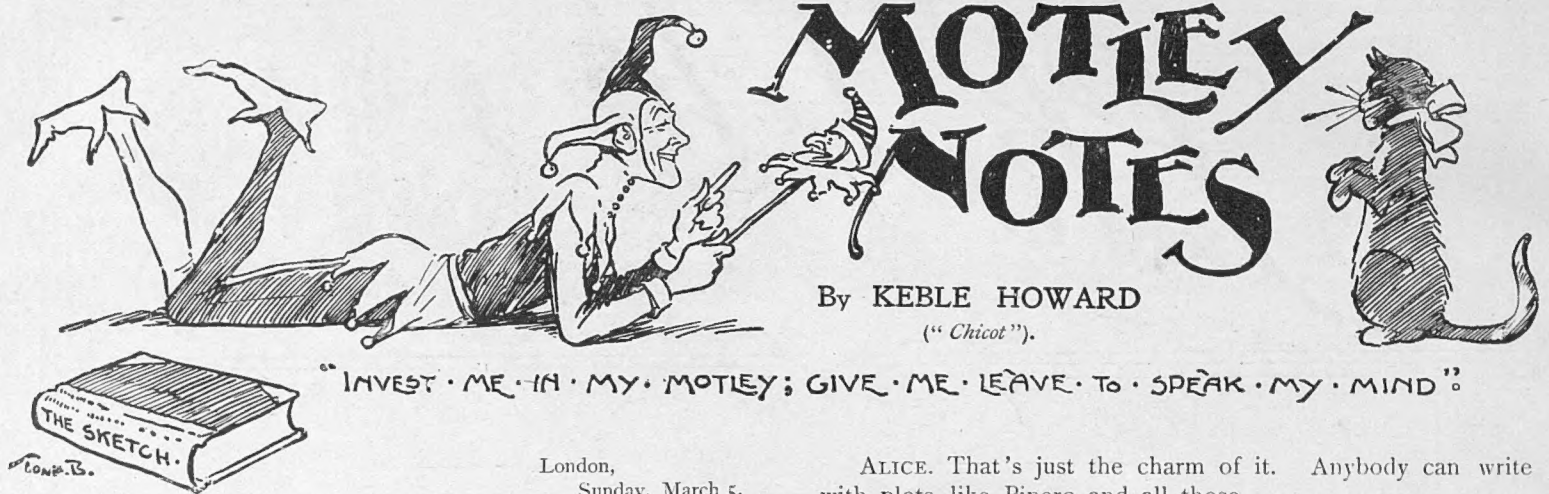
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE HOSTESS AT THE EMPIRE BALL AT DUBLIN CASTLE: THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Photograph by Chancellor.



London,
Sunday, March 5.

THE Coliseum and the Hippodrome, those refuges of the afternoon idler, will have to look to their own. Unless I am greatly mistaken, as so often happens, they are likely to find a serious rival in the little Court Theatre. Take, for example, the series of matinées now running at the Court. The programme opens with a piece in one Act by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in which a gentleman makes a pot of broth with the aid of an ordinary stone. Is not this simple trick far more human, far more likely to appeal to the afternoon idler than all the mysteries of Chung Ling Soo, the Original Chinese Necromancer? Then we go on to a creepy, sensational drama, called "In the Hospital." Here we have a gentleman, whilst at the point of death, rehearsing, with an invalid actor, the scene he (the dying man) intends to perform before death actually comes. Do you suppose that "The Modern Gulliver" or "Butterflies in Fairyland" can stand against such an astounding fragment of realism as that? The entertainment at the Court concludes with a knockabout farce by Mr. Bernard Shaw, entitled, "How He Lied to Her Husband." In this Act—using the term in the variety sense—the one and only Shaw performs the marvellous and never-yet-equalled feat of turning one hundred and forty-five back-somersaults on a revolving stage in twenty minutes. The stage, I should add, does not actually revolve. It is really the brain of the spectator that revolves.

With every desire to be fair to Mr. Shaw, I suppose that "How He Lied to Her Husband" is the feeblest farce that has been produced in London for many years. The audience at the Court, however, on the afternoon of the first performance, ate it. As the curtain went up they began to laugh, and when Mr. Granville Barker took off a pair of white gloves and laid them down on a table, they shook with merriment. It was the subtlety of the thing that appealed to them. When their husbands and brothers take off pairs of white gloves and lay them down on a table, the action is so commonplace as to pass unnoticed. When Mr. Granville Barker does it, though, and, above all, when he does it in a play by that delicious Mr. Shaw, it means—well, anyone who understands Mr. Shaw's delicious humour knows what it means. Why explain for the benefit of the dullards? If the dullards try to pin you down to the meaning, the best thing to say is, "Oh, one can't always have a meaning, dear old chap! Meanings are so tedious, don't you think?" Then the dullard looks more puzzled than ever, or you may persuade yourself that he does, and gives you an opportunity of adding to his confusion by looking at the toe of your boot and laughing twice, spasmodically, at nothing in particular.

All these things I learnt from a conversation between two young women who were sitting behind me at the Court Theatre on the afternoon in question. Despite the fact that they were young women of very superior intellect, we will call them, for the sake of convenience, Ada and Alice. This is the way they "went on"—

ADA. I suppose you've seen "John Bull"?

ALICE. Which, dear?

ADA. "John Bull's Other Island," you know. We always call it "John Bull" in our set, because we so often talk about it that it is necessary to abbreviate the title.

ALICE. Oh, no, I haven't seen that yet. Of course, I'm simply dying to. I've read it, though.

ADA. Really? I don't think it's been published yet.

ALICE. Are you sure? Then it must have been one of the others I read. I know it was most fearfully clever.

ADA. That goes without saying. I simply love everything he does. It's so delightful, don't you know, to get away from a plot sometimes.

ALICE. That's just the charm of it. Anybody can write plays with plots, like Pinero and all those.

ADA. My dear! Please don't mention Pinero. His name is simply anathema in our set.

ALICE. I thought his name was Arthur.

ADA. How droll you are! That comes of not studying Latin. I mean that his name is accursed, so to speak.

ALICE. He's done one or two rather smart things, don't you think?

ADA. You mean studies of life and all that sort of rubbish. Clever in their way, I suppose, but not to be compared with Shaw's exquisite—er—what's the word I want?

ALICE. Bits?

ADA. No, no, no! Whimsicalities. That's it. I simply adore whimsicalness.

ALICE. So do I. (*A pause.*) Have you been to the Lyceum since they altered the style of entertainment?

ADA. I never wish to go near the Lyceum again. I wish to keep it green in my memory as the home of the greatest actor we—

ALICE. How funny! I read that, too. What was it in again?

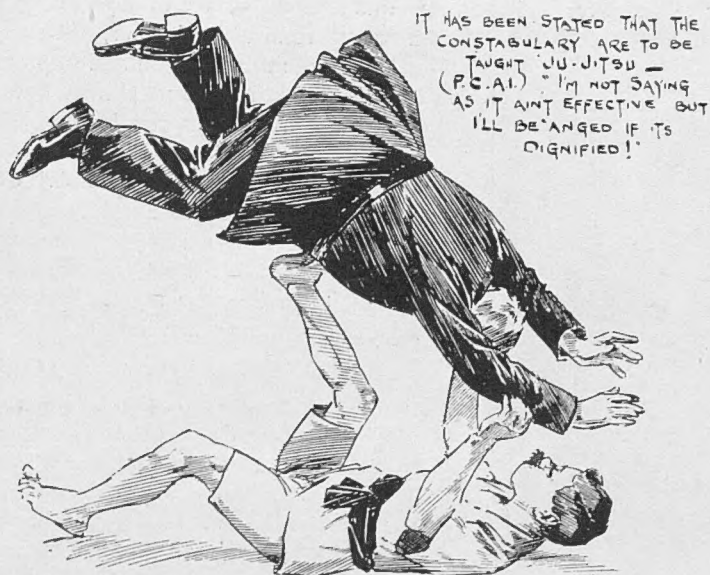
ADA. Don't be ridiculous. I didn't read it. I thought of it in bed this morning.

ALICE. Did you, really? (*A pause.*) I think Granville Barker's awfully good, too. Don't you?

I had a thrilling experience on Wednesday. I had been despatched to Oxford by one of my masters to report upon the performance of "The Clouds" of Aristophanes by the O. U. D. S. Whilst returning to the hotel after sending off my report, I saw, gravely approaching me, a middle-aged gentleman in cap and gown, together with three other gentlemen of less imposing appearance. I knew at once, of course, that the gentleman in the cap and gown was the Proctor, and that the others were his satellites. Here was a joke! After an absence of nine years I should once again be "progged." I took out a cigarette, stuck it jauntily between my lips, pushed my hat to the back of my head, thrust my hands into my pockets, grinned idiotically, and lurched past them. To my horror, not one member of the party took the slightest notice. I was dismayed. Did it mean that I was looking nine years older than when I went down? No, for my youthful appearance is the most deceptive thing about me. Did they guess that I had been to the theatre, and were allowing me, therefore, the usual privilege of being out after dark without cap and gown? No, for I was then walking towards the theatre from the post-office. Ah! The hat! No Oxford man ever dreams of wearing an opera-hat in Oxford. Flushing hotly, I threw the cigarette away and hastened to allay the natural suspicions of a bucolic policeman.

To me, the performance of "The Clouds" would have been very tedious had it not been for the Chorus of Clouds themselves and Sir Hubert Parry's incidental music. The Special Correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, by the way, alluded to the Chorus as a group of handsome young women gracefully clad in flowing draperies—or words to that effect. If he was right, that makes the Clouds more interesting than ever, for half of them sang tenor, the other half bass, and every one of them was an undergraduate member of one of the Colleges. It is wonderful, truly, what reforms may take place in nine years. To turn to the music, I was pleased to find the most modern phases of musical thought represented by extracts from Richard Strauss and a solo on the motor-horn. Sir Hubert was thus enabled "to symbolize the intimate relation between modern progress and the Classics." The large orchestra interpreted the music with great skill, but far more illuminating, from where I sat, was the face of the composer himself.

JU-JITSU FOR THE POLICE: ITS POSSIBILITIES.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

For details as to certain of the holds we are indebted to the courtesy of the Japanese School of Ju-Jitsu, 305, Oxford Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

"No Presents"—The Interchange of Gifts—Rows of Mechanical Singing-birds—The Custom.

THE "no presents" intimation to the Indian Princes and Rajahs in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales will be a great disappointment to many of the potentates concerned, wise though it doubtless is. The ordinary Indian ruler of a native State loves to spend money, and the visit of any representative of the suzerain Power gives him an excuse for a big draft on his treasury. It is an official occasion for extravagance, and the ruler, not without a chuckle, thinks that the British Resident, who is always bothering him with plans of retrenchment, cannot object to this expenditure.

It is always supposed that the gifts which the visitor and visited exchange are of exactly even value; but it was found when our present King, as Prince of Wales, made his tour through India, that the rulers of Native States, in order to be extravagantly loyal, estimated some of their most beautiful presents at a ridiculously low value. The actual ceremony of the interchange of gifts is a very pretty one, and the various Durbars which are to be held will lose one of their most picturesque incidents. The host and his guest sit on thrones at the far end of the Durbar Hall, and the presents to the visitor are brought in, it being always so arranged that the double row of servants bearing them stretches from the entrance-door up to the steps of the dais. The visitor touches the nearest gift, and the whole of the offerings are carried out.

Then the other gifts are brought in and are carried away to the ruler's toshi-khana or to the museum. There are, I believe, periodical sales of the gifts given to the British officials, which, of course, become the property of the Crown; but the Princes and the Rajahs generally keep theirs, and a strange collection of guns and rifles, clocks, mechanical figures, inlaid swords, French silks, cigar-cases, sleeve-links, and other products of Western civilisation accumulate in the storehouses. One Rajah, through whose museum I was taken, was known to have a liking for mechanical singing-birds, and there had been a cage with a canary that could be wound up included in every batch of presents ever offered to him. The rows of birds whose main-springs were broken, in dusty cages, which were carefully preserved in the State storehouses really formed a pathetic sight.

Even the least notable guest coming to the chief town of a Rajah's dominions is always offered a present, the material portion of which he does not accept, but the eatable part of which he hands

over to his servants. At one period of my soldiering career I used to spend some months in every year wandering along an Indian frontier, with two or three elephants as my beasts of burden and with a small retinue of servants, of whom my bearer and a gentleman with a broad sash and a great metal badge were the heads.

Whenever I pitched my tents near the palace of any Rajah, whether he was an important person or a mere local landowner, these two used to harangue all lookers-on and impress upon them what an important person I was. At first, I was much flattered by this, and was really pleased to hear that I always had access to the "Burra Lat Sahib's" Council, that I was entitled to a salute of fourteen guns, and that, as a rule, I was escorted by two regiments of soldiers. I thought that, at last, I was proving the exception to the saying that no man is a hero to his valet.

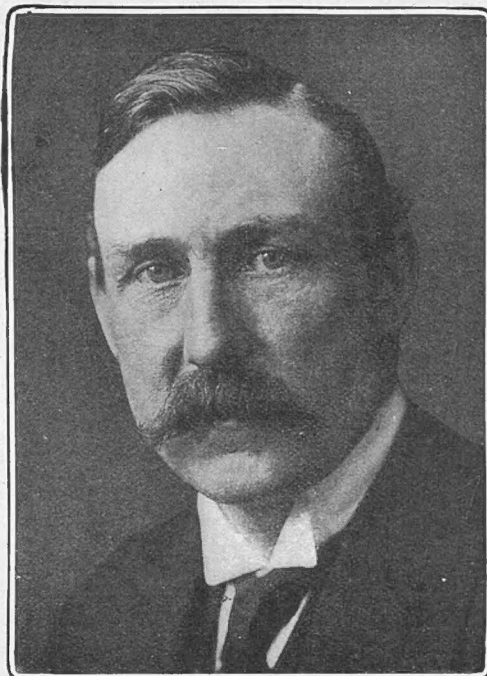
I found, however, that all this glorification of my position was not intended so much to shed lustre on me personally as to increase the size of the present which the Rajah would presently send me. When the procession with the gifts arrived it always looked very imposing. The servants in the gorgeous clothes who headed it carried a roll or two of native embroidery and muslins, and following them came the tagrag and bobtail, with flowers and baskets of sugar-cane and fruits of all kinds. The cloth and muslin went back to the store from whence they came, I kept the flowers, and my servants sat up all night, talking in loud whispers which were more sleep-disturbing than any conversation carried on at the top of their voices, and eating the fruit.

The giving of presents is only one of the expenses which the journey through India of a great personage entails on the inhabitants, and there is a native proverb to the effect that the visit of a Viceroy is as bad as two years of famine. The Indian peasant is the most conservative creature under the sun. He has always, from time immemorial, looked upon a great man as a person who

has a right to take fowls and milk and eggs, firewood and earthenware jars, without paying, when he is on a journey, and he

really thinks that there is something uncanny and unusual in the efforts the British officials make to pay for what by native custom they are entitled to take free. I have known a Deputy-Commissioner, going through the portion of the land over which he rules, sit at his tent-door each morning and himself pay every peasant from whose cows a basin of milk or from whose stack a bundle of firewood had been taken. I have known the peasants so paid follow the train of carts carry-

ing the tents and baggage for half a day, until they found a chance of returning the money given them to the Chuprassis, the men with sashes and badges, who pocketed it without demur. It was the custom for the peasant to be mulcted of these things, and, though the Sahib might be amiably weak, the matter had somehow or another to be put right.



THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE EARL OF SELBORNE.

William Waldegrave Palmer, second Earl of Selborne, who succeeds Lord Milner as High Commissioner in South Africa and Administrator of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, is a hard-worker, an excellent organiser, and the possessor of a diplomatic manner that should carry him far. He has been, at various times, private secretary to his father when he was Lord Chancellor, and to Mr. Childers when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Whip to the Liberal-Unionist Party, Under-Secretary for the Colonies under Mr. Chamberlain, and, most recently, First Lord of the Admiralty in the present Government.

Photograph by Beresford.



A BEAST THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BY SIME: "THE KING" LEAVING HIS CASTLE AT THE NICE CARNIVAL.

MODERN IRELAND IN THE DRESS OF THE EMPIRE PERIOD:

SOME OF THE GUESTS OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT AND THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY
AT THE BALL AT DUBLIN CASTLE ON WEDNESDAY LAST.



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6. MISS K. BROWN. 7. MISS SMYLY. 8. LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE. 9. MISS BOOTH.

Photographs by Lafayette.

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March 8, 1905.

Signature.....

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS MARCH 11.

WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS: THE KING'S COLLECTION.

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Mlle. MAKAROFF, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

Mlle. Makaroff, who is the only daughter of the late Admiral Makaroff, drowned by the sinking of the "Petrovlovsk," was recently chosen Maid-of-Honour to the Czarina and to the Dowager Empress of Russia.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

RUMOUR that the Prince of Wales, together with the Princess, was to be called upon to perform a second great Imperial duty by visiting India has at length received official confirmation, to the lasting satisfaction of the many who appreciate the power of personal intercourse between people and ruler, or future ruler. One point of the formal announcement at least is worthy of comment: the exchange of ceremonial presents will be dispensed with. This is an economy, and a sensible economy, on both sides. On the occasion of the King's tour of our great dependency, His Majesty distributed

Governor's house overlooking the Gulf of Finland were crowded with a cosmopolitan throng of distinguished statesmen, diplomatists, soldiers, and sailors, were regarded as the most brilliant social functions of their kind that the town has ever witnessed. Of Polish origin, she combines all the delightful characteristics of her countrywomen with a charm of manner of her own; she is a profound linguist, speaking English, French, German, and Italian with equal ease and fluency, a proficient pianist and a brilliant conversationalist, and has dabbled in the writing of plays and poetry, spiritualism and occultism. At present she is residing in Peterhof, and is engaged in the compilation of a biography of her husband.

Royally and Revolutionaries.

The troubles that have fallen upon the house of Romanoff will make many people wonder how far monarchs need protection. Nowadays, in Russia, when an autocrat has gone too far in pursuit of a policy, he is warned by the Executive Committee of the Revolutionary Party to reform or to make his peace with God; and if he gives no heed, he is destroyed, in spite of the ceaseless vigilance of an army of detectives. In Europe to-day, however, most of the Kings and rulers are fairly safe, and if elaborate precautions are taken when a monarch goes among his people, they are directed against madmen and fanatics, people of the class to which King Humbert of Italy, Queen Elizabeth of Austria, and President McKinley owed their untimely end. King Edward undoubtedly enjoys as much liberty as any Sovereign under the sun. In these islands few precautions are needed even on State occasions, and at other times he has all the liberty of a private gentleman. Dom Carlos of Portugal mingles in most friendly fashion with his subjects, Queen Wilhelmina is free to come and go in safety throughout Holland, and Leopold of Belgium has a certain measure of popularity with his own people. The Emperor Franz Josef is well beloved, even by the countless thousands who desire to see Austria and Hungary separated; the Kaiser is very popular in Germany; and if precautions are taken in Italy, it is because the shadow of a monstrous crime still hangs over the land. The Gospodar of Montenegro, King Charles of Roumania, and the King of Greece may well live tranquil lives; the aged rulers of Denmark and of Sweden and Norway need take no care for their safety; President Loubet is safe from all save madmen, and the Mikado is venerated throughout the length and breadth of the Island Empire.



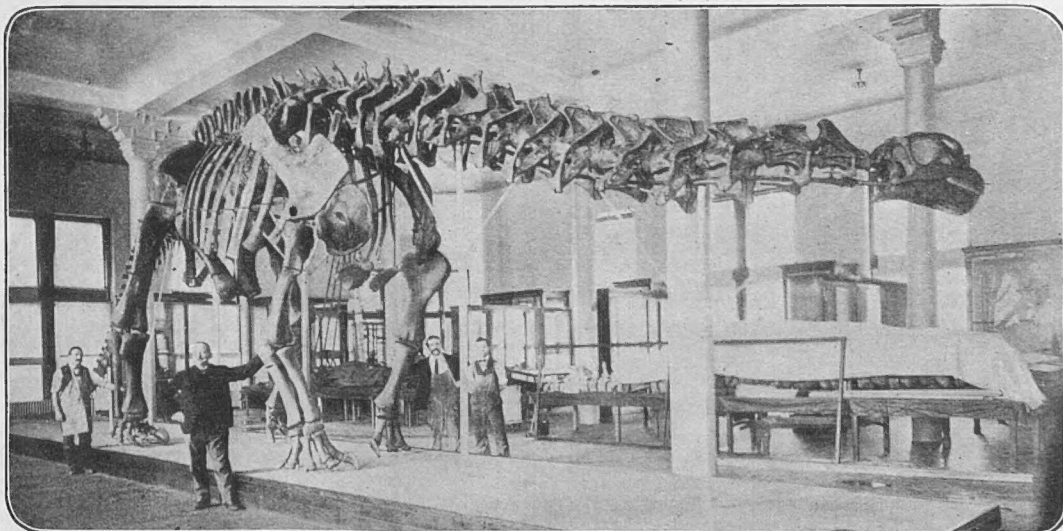
MME. MAKAROFF, WIFE OF THE LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN PACIFIC SQUADRON, IN THE ANCIENT RUSSIAN COURT-DRESS.

Mme. Makaroff now resides in Peterhof with her daughter, a girl of eighteen, and her twelve-year-old son.

Photograph by Hélène de Mrosowsky.

gifts to the value of forty thousand pounds or thereabouts, and received others worth over half-a-million sterling—an interchange of wealth Eastern rather than necessary, or, perhaps, advisable. No country likes to be unduly taxed, even to prove its loyalty, and the only people who may be expected to grumble are those ardent Museumites who flock to view such presents when the courtesy of a Sovereign permits them to be exhibited. The knowledge that it will be possible to leaven the many receptions and levées he will be called upon to hold, as his father did before him, by the less exacting pleasures attendant upon tiger-hunting must be welcome to one whose skill as a shot is notorious.

Madame Makaroff. Madame Makaroff, widow of the late Admiral Makaroff, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Squadron in Port Arthur, whose tragic death on board the *Petrovlovsk* aroused such widespread sympathy, is one of the best-known and most popular hostesses in the Society of St. Petersburg, where her rare beauty, her tact, and her courtesy have won for her an almost unique position. As a sailor's wife, she is passionately devoted to everything nautical, and believes that the Navy is the finest profession in the world. During her husband's residence in Cronstadt as Commander-in-Chief, she did her utmost to enliven the drowsy little fortress-town by instituting entertainments for the officers and men stationed there; her Friday "At Homes," when the great salons of the



THE HERO OF THE BRONTOSAUR TEA IN NEW YORK: THE SKELETON OF THE "THUNDER SAURIAN" IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The Brontosaurus which has been added to the collection in the American Museum of Natural History has been formally introduced to New Yorkers at a Brontosaurus Tea given by the Board of Trustees, who have reason to be proud of their find. The hero of the occasion was discovered in Bone Cabin Quarry, recently depicted in the "Illustrated London News," and it took two years to unearth him and to transport him in sections, and another three years to mount him. He is, or, rather, his skeleton is sixty-seven feet long and sixteen feet high, and weighs sixty-four tons. His head, which he lost, curiously enough, before the showering of honours upon him, is the only part of him that has been supplied by art.

Photograph by W. H. Ballou.

Rulers who are Not Secure.

On the other hand, there are rulers whose position is not much more secure than that of the Czar. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and King Peter of Servia must be guarded with jealous care:



THE ROYAL BRIDE-ELECT AS A CHILD: PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT AT THE AGE OF THREE.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

America no ruler is safe. If you have a grievance with Mr. President, you endeavour to settle it with the help of a revolver, and his friends and admirers try to fire first. The young King Alfonso of Spain is making many friends, but needs the most careful guarding when he goes to the less tranquil parts of his kingdom. Outside the United States, it may be said that every ruler has the subjects he deserves, and that, where a man must fear assassination, he or the system under which he rules is directly responsible.

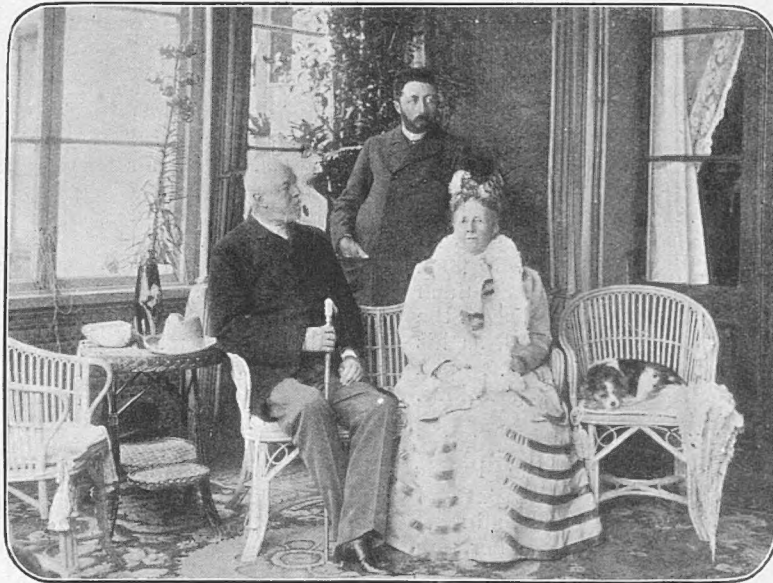
The Royal Bride-Elect. Princess Margaret of Connaught will be admirably fitted to take her place, in distant days to come, among the Queens Consort of the



THE ROYAL BRIDE-ELECT AS A CHILD: PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

each has a host of desperate enemies. The Sultan of Turkey will not face his people at all, and when, once a year, he must journey to a famous Mosque, nobody is allowed to know until the last hour whether the State-coach will be used or whether the journey will be made by sea. In times of trouble, the writer of these lines has been stopped by sentries at a point more than one hundred yards from the entrance to the grounds of Yildiz Kiosk. The Shah of Persia has the fear of violent death before him at all times, and a very large measure of precaution must be taken on behalf of the Emperor of China and the President of the United States. It seems strange that the last-named ruler, a man esteemed by the whole of the civilised world, should need special precautions to be taken on his behalf, but the fact cannot be gainsaid. Morocco's Sultan must move warily in these days. In the republics of South



FUTURE RELATIVES OF PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT: THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY AND THEIR ARTIST SON, PRINCE EUGÈNE.

King Oscar, whose grandson is to marry Princess Margaret of Connaught, is a Bernadotte, and the grandson of the son of the little Pau lawyer, who enlisted in the Marines in 1780, reaped honour with the Revolution, became one of Napoleon's Marshals, and was eventually chosen King of Sweden when heirs to Charles XII. failed.

Photograph by A. Blomberg.

The Bomb as a Happy Release. Dr. C. W. Saleeby is evidently

desirous of lessening the apprehension of those men of high estate whose names figure on the execution-list of revolutionists. Commenting in the *Academy* on the free use of the adjective "horrible" in connection with the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, he argues that, in point of fact, "the last moments of his consciousness were, in all probability, as happy as those of such a man could be," basing his statements on the well-supported theory that in death by bomb, as in death by bullet, the possibility of consciousness is annihilated before the consciousness either of pain or imminent disaster can be aroused. All that is well and good, but we fear that it is not likely to take the sting out of Father Gapon's "open letter" to the Czar, and his threat of "bombs, dynamite, collective and individual terrorism, and popular insurrection."



THE ROYAL BRIDE-ELECT AS A CHILD: PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

twentieth century. Her Royal Highness is typically and, it might be said, enthusiastically English. The whole of her short life has been spent in her father's native land, and as a child and quite young girl she was much under the personal influence of our late Sovereign, who took charge of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's children during their parents' long stay in India. Princess Margaret will find a warm welcome in Sweden, where our country has always been exceptionally popular.

Princess Margaret's Future Relatives. The King and Queen of Sweden and Norway form the centre of a most delightful and united family group. They are the parents of four sons, and daughters are conspicuous by their absence in the various Royal households which cluster round them, for the Crown Prince himself has no daughter. Perhaps the two next interesting personalities in the Swedish Court-world are Prince Eugène, who is a very fine artist and a bachelor, and "Prince Bernadotte," whose romantic marriage to Miss Ebba Monck will be remembered.



THE ROYAL BRIDE-ELECT AS A CHILD: PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

A Colonial Painter of the King.

Mr. J. Colin Forbes, the Canadian artist who has come over to paint a portrait of the King for the Dominion House of Parliament in Ottawa, is by no means a stranger in this country: he studied, indeed, in the Royal Academy Schools, a period of his life he is not likely to forget, for it was while journeying from Canada to the Academy, some seven-and-thirty years ago, that he was shipwrecked in the *Hibernia*. Mr. Forbes has produced a number



A COLONIAL WHO IS PAINTING THE KING'S PORTRAIT: MR. J. COLIN FORBES, R.C.A.
Photograph by Mayse.

National Liberal Club), Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the late Marquess of Dufferin, and President Harrison of the United States. He was nominated as one of the four original members of the Royal Canadian Academy by the Duke of Argyll, then Governor-General. The King, by the way, is kept particularly busy by the artists just now: not only is he giving sittings to

of seascapes and landscapes; but he has always had a special taste for portraiture, and has painted scores of well-known people, including the late Mr. Gladstone (for the

Mr. Harold Speed, but he is also posing for M. Gaspard de Latoix, who has been commissioned to paint the portrait of His Majesty that is destined for the Senate Room in Nassau, Bahamas.

In the artistic world of the last century no woman held so great a social position as did Lady Millais, the wife of the great painter who, even apart from his work, had

THE ORIGINAL OF THE FEMALE FIGURE IN "THE HUGUENOTS": LADY MILLAIS.

Photograph by Mauld and Fox.

so fascinating and compelling a personality. The romantic circumstances of their marriage were known to all their contemporaries, as also the fact that the artist had embodied his wife's graceful figure in such paintings as "The Black Brunswicker," "The Huguenots," and "The Fireman."

A Picture with a History.

Perhaps the most interesting portrait now being shown at the Royal Academy is Watts's counterfeit presentment of Lady Somers, painted when she was still Miss Pattle and the handsomest of a group of lovely sisters. The great artist who was later to win such enduring fame was then still on probation and glad to have beautiful sitters. He painted the Misses Pattle again and again, both together and singly, and it was said at the time that the late Lord Somers fell in love with his future Countess through seeing the portrait we now reproduce when it was exhibited, over fifty years ago, in the Royal Academy.

The Countess of Selborne.

South Africa has been called the land of the successful bachelor. Lord Selborne will



A PICTURE THAT WON A HUSBAND: G. F. WATTS'S PORTRAIT OF LADY SOMERS.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

doubtless inaugurate a new régime. As a beginning, his appointment as the new High Commissioner will mean that a brilliant and accomplished hostess will reign at Government House, Cape Town. Lady Selborne was born in the political purple, for she was the eldest daughter of the late Lord Salisbury, and her cleverness and wit as a girl is said to have aroused the admiration of Mr. Gladstone. Her engagement to the eldest son and heir of the then great Liberal Law Lord was quite a

romance, and the marriage of Lady Maud Cecil to Lord Wolmer, as he then was, was regarded as a Montague and Capulet alliance! Entering into the spirit of the thing, Lord and Lady Salisbury asked their great political foe and private friend to propose the health of the bride at their daughter's wedding-breakfast, and Mr. Gladstone never made a more felicitous speech than on this occasion. Needless to add that Lord Salisbury's son-in-law soon became an adherent to his wife's Party, but they are both on intimate personal terms with many of the leading Liberals.

It is suggested that an attempt shall be made to solve the continual difficulties consequent upon the presence in Belgrade of those responsible

for the assassination of King Peter and Queen Draga by means of a ballot to be taken amongst the whole of the officers of the Servian Army, who will thus be given opportunity to vote for or against the regicides. A majority against these double "murderers in uniform"—to use Douglas Jerrold's

phrase, is it not?—will cause them to quit the Army. That ballot will need to be secret indeed!

Lady Eden. Lady Eden, whose portrait was "the cause of war" in one of the most famous lawsuits ever held, is still one of the most beautiful of Englishwomen, for her features are classically perfect and she has been painted by many leading artists. A cousin of Lord Grey's, the mistress of Windlestone, Sir William's lovely place near Durham, is an aunt of young Lady Lytton and comes of a race famed for its personal beauty.

Paid Members. The members of the Italian Parliament have just received with enthusiasm a proposal that they shall each be paid a salary of £280 per annum, though the taxpayers have not evinced an equal amount of delight at the suggestion. England is the only country in which the public have not to pay for their members, for, although the members of the German Reichstag are not salaried, yet they



A LADY WHOSE PORTRAIT WAS THE CASUS BELLI IN A FAMOUS LAWSUIT: LADY EDEN.

Photograph by Mauld and Fox.



A DIPLOMATIST WHO HAS JUST RETIRED: THE DUC DE MANDAS, SPANISH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE COUNTESS OF SELBORNE.

Photograph by Langley.



MISS AUGUSTA BELLINGHAM, ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

The future Marchioness of Bute is the youngest daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham. Her engagement has been the source of much gratification to her many friends, especially as she is of the same religious faith as the Marquess.

Photograph by Thomson.

important and by far the most wealthy of the Peers belonging to the old faith. The marriage will be a Scotch and Irish union, for Lord Bute is a fervid Highlander in sentiment, and Miss Bellingham has spent most of her life in Ireland, at her popular father's splendid place in County Louth. The future Marchioness's only sister is a nun.

The Kingly Inauguration of a President.

The programme of the inauguration of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as "Boss" of the United States on Saturday last suggested the installation of a King rather than a President, and aroused all the more interest in consequence. A great procession of twenty thousand civil and military delegates from nearly every State of the Union was arranged to follow the initial ceremonies, and included in this, at Mr. Roosevelt's own suggestion, were a negro regiment and a troop of mounted cowboys from the Western plains. Mrs. Roosevelt's dress was intended to show outward and visible sign of her patriotism, was made entirely of American materials, and was the creation of a New York dressmaker. The silk for the costume was woven in New Jersey, and in the design, which was destroyed after use, gold thread and electric-blue were interwoven, and golden feathers and small birds in flight introduced.

The Duke of Hamilton, although he succeeded his kinsman (a fourth-cousin) in the Peerage ten years ago, was prevented by delicate health from taking his seat in the House of Lords till last week. His Grace, who is Premier Earl of Scotland, is

can travel free on all the State railways. The French deputies cost the most, for each of them receives £360 a year, besides a free pass on the railways. In Belgium the deputies get £160, in Holland £173, and in Greece £80. Swiss deputies are paid sixteen shillings a day while Parliament is sitting, and the Norwegians get about thirteen shillings and sixpence all the year round.

An Important Engagement.

The engagement of the young Marquess of Bute to Miss Bellingham is of much moment to the Roman Catholic section of the great world, for, next to the Duke of Norfolk, the bridegroom-elect is the most

heir male of the heroic house of Douglas, and holds the title of Duke of Chatelherault by a creation from Napoleon III. In early life he was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was married recently to a daughter of Major R. Poore, and the Duchess was present at his introduction to the House of Lords. He seemed to be a stranger to the Peers.

Maxim Gorky's Prison-Play.

Despite Mr. Swinburne and his co-signatories, the Czar's officials, naturally enough it must be confessed, do not intend to let Maxim Gorky off too easily. Rumour has it, and rumour is all that can be expected from the



THE MARQUESS OF BUTE, ENGAGED TO MISS AUGUSTA BELLINGHAM.

Lord Bute is the possessor of thirteen titles, and is one of England's wealthiest young men. His income, £18 an hour or thereabouts, is chiefly derived from Welsh coal. He is the owner of St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park.

Photograph by Russell.



A POSSIBLE PRIME MINISTER OF NORWAY: DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

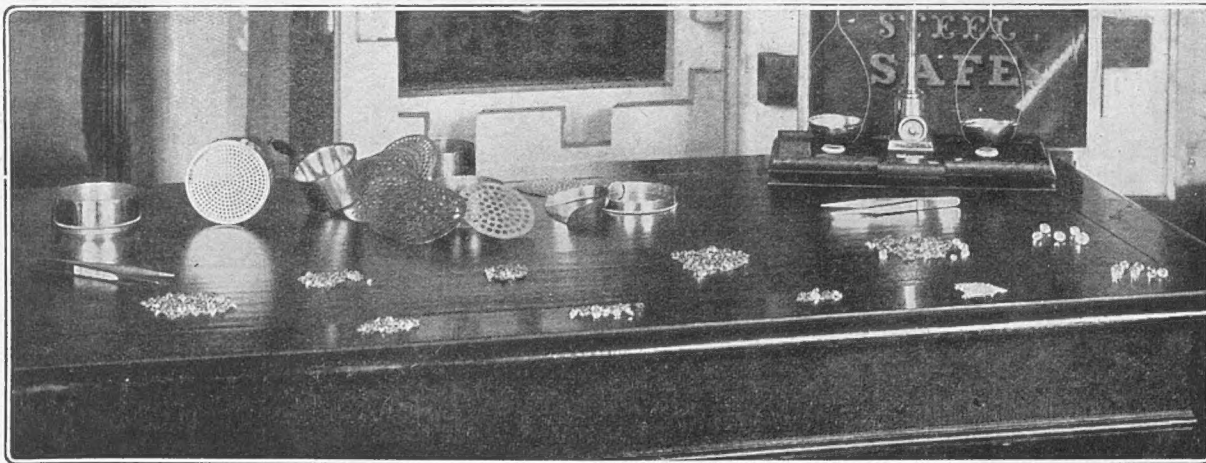
The Consulate question between Sweden and Norway is acute, and the famous Arctic explorer has issued an appeal dealing with the matter. He has been freely spoken of as a future Norwegian Prime Minister.

Photograph by Langflet.

land of censors and blacked-out newspapers, that the famous novelist is under the closest surveillance. Meantime, we are told that his lot in the Petropavlovsk Fortress was not a happy one, but that to compensate himself somewhat he devoted a week of his incarceration to the completion of a new play, "The Children of the Sun," which was promptly confiscated by the police, no doubt because, according to report, it is intended to demonstrate how the great gulf fixed between the rich and the poor forbids the happiness of the community. The Stage Society should certainly secure this. Even the least sympathetic portion of our Press could not resist noticing the production of a "Play by the Prisoner of the Petropavlovsk."

The Walls of Jericho.

We have been hearing a good deal about the Walls of Jericho lately, and, therefore, it is curious that we should have an actual example of the power of a trumpet-blast occurring in Europe to-day: A short time ago, at Leipsic, the conductor of a brass band used to train his musicians in his garden, which was bounded by the old walls of the city. One day, when they were practising a grand march with the full strength of their lungs, they came to a passage in which all the trumpets had to blow *fortissimo*, and, as they gave one final blast all together, they were astonished to see the old wall suddenly crumble and topple over into the fields outside. Happily, the only result was that the cows in the meadows were frightened, but it is evident that the walls of Leipsic are even more unstable than were the walls of Jericho.



A MILLION POUNDS' WORTH OF GEMS: THE ANTWERP DIAMOND EXCHANGE, THE POSSIBLE DESTINATION OF THE GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND.

The discovery of the great Cullinan diamond at the Premier Mine, to say nothing of the reported finds in Rhodesia, lends particular interest to this photograph of the mart to which so many of the precious stones find their way. The Cullinan, by-the-by, has not yet reached this country, despite rumours to that effect.

Photograph by Scharf.

"THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE!": ASSASSINATION FROM THE LIFE.

A REVIVAL OF THE DEATH OF THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS FOR A FRENCH CINEMATOGRAPH.



1. THE CONSPIRATORS TAKE AN OATH TO KILL THE GRAND DUKE —

3. THE "GRAND DUKE" IS MADE-UP.

5. WHILE A SELECT PARTY OF ASSISTANTS PREPARE TO DROP DÉBRIS WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURS.

7. WHICH HAVE PREVIOUSLY BEEN "BROKEN" BY A BAND OF PAINTERS.

2. AND BUSY THEMSELVES IN PREPARING THE BOMB DESTINED TO COMPASS THEIR END.

4. THE NIHILIST PLACES THE BOMB DISCREETLY UNDER THE DUKE'S CARRIAGE —

6. THE WRECK OF THE GRAND DUCAL CARRIAGE, AND THE EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION UPON THE WINDOWS NEAR BY —

8. THE ARRESTED ASSASSIN IS CONGRATULATED BY THE ORGANISER OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

Paris is to have the opportunity of witnessing an ingenious reconstruction of the recent tragedy at Moscow, thanks to the enterprise of the owner of a cinematograph. This gentleman, not being prophet enough to foresee the events he now seeks to illustrate, has remedied this deficiency by enlisting a score of supers and an army of workmen, painters, and decorators to re-enact the tragic scene as he imagines it. Such methods are not new. At the time of the Boer War many realistic battle-pictures were cinematographed hundreds of miles from the scene of operations, and, to mention an even greater parallel, the murder of King Alexander of Servia and Queen Draga was reproduced by carefully selected mimes in a field in South London.

Photographs by Branger.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHILE I accept in principle the murder of Grand Dukes, Military Governors, Secretaries of State for the Interior, and other high functionaries of Holy Russia, I am not ashamed to confess that I have all possible pity for those near and dear to them. Though I am informed by people whose authority is not to be disputed that the murdered Sergius was not a model husband, it is quite impossible not to admire and sympathise with the brave Duchess, and though many members of the camarilla that has misruled Russia have been condemned to death and must die soon, the horror and uncertainty of their end are bound to create a revulsion of feeling in the popular mind. Killing is murder even if you kill a Grand Duke, even if death is the best thing that can happen to him. I was explaining my views the other day to a friend of the revolutionary party, and he replied that dynamite was the only form of argument that proved effective in dealing with the Russian autocrats. He added frankly that the end was not in sight, and that important developments were due in the middle of March. People declare that the Czar is weak and feeble-minded. Surely, if this were so, he would have succumbed to the horrors around him ere now.

Is the week-end threatened with extinction? I can't help thinking it is losing its pristine popularity. Where many people left town religiously on Friday or Saturday five years ago, not more than four or five do so to-day. Consequently, people who live in the country are to be found making up week-end parties for London. I suppose that the motor-car accounts in part for this change, by bringing the country well within reach of people who wish to combine a little excitement and fresh air without the necessity of a train-journey. London has responded to the mood of the moment by widening the area of Sunday recreation. Such an institution as the Bechstein Concert Club claims the allegiance of scores of the leisured folk who have only lately learned what the London Sunday is like out of the Season. Listening to an admirable concert there the other afternoon, I saw quite a number of the people whom one associates with London only in the months of May, June, and July. The music was at once their attraction and justification. I can't help thinking that London's Sunday is only now emerging from swaddling cloths, and that it is destined to grow rapidly and attractively. At present it is very many years behind the Sunday of the Continent.

A Contrast. I remember being at The Hague just before the Peace Conference took place, and going out to the House in the Wood, where an obliging custodian

showed me all the treasures of the charming place, and the chamber wherein the delegates were to meet so soon. Here, in what was, if I remember rightly, an octagonal room with wonderful pictures and charming views across a delicate sylvan landscape, the Millennium was to be born. Diplomacy was to do its work amid most stimulating surroundings, and war would become as extinct as the dodo. Well, five years have served to expose the fallacies of the optimists, and last week I read in my morning paper an account of the capitulation of Port Arthur. The delegates repaired to a little village called Sueiszeving, a place hitherto unknown even to local fame, and, having found a mean cottage that had escaped bombardment, they went inside, shut the doors, and settled down to business. Although we are not yet in sight of peace, there can be no doubt that the fall of Port Arthur dealt

a mortal blow to the war. The fall that should be the prelude to a great and lasting period of tranquillity was negotiated in a mean hovel, while the Peace Conference, that was followed so soon by a disastrous war, was held in a palace fit for the rulers of the earth. What fine material for an Addison or a Lamb, if we had one in our midst to-day.

Having no really fine feelings, I note with a certain satisfaction the report that there is some serious trouble on the Italian railway

lines. Strikes and dislocation of traffic seem to be the outward and visible signs, but the authorities are doing their best to hush the matter up, because the profitable tourist season is in full swing. If I sound the warning note that the Italian railway directors fear to hear, no high principle of interest in British tourists animates me: my only desire is for vengeance. Some years ago, I was travelling from Genoa to Florence, and instead of being told to change at Pisa I was assured that I was in the Florence train. After leaving Pisa the train appeared in its true colours, as a Rome express; and when it stopped at Grosseto, and I escaped, I had to wait for five hours for a return train to Pisa, and was forced by the local brigand who wore the uniform of the railway service to pay for the double journey. I wrote an eloquent protest to the Company. They kept me waiting three months for an answer, and then wrote a letter that might be paraphrased thus: "We've got your money, and you have the experience. The incident is closed." Since then, though I love Italy, I hate its railways, and have much pleasure in doing what harm I can to them by warning intending tourists that there is considerable disorganisation throughout the systems just now. It will be best for them to walk.



A COMPLIMENT THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IMPROVED UPON.

MR. SNOBBERTS (to hostess, who has been singing to the accompaniment of a pianola): "Excellent! Wonderful machines, aren't they, these pianolas? What a pity we can't get 'em to sing! Eh, what?" (The hostess is duly flattered.)

DRAWN BY A. TALBOT SMITH.

THE REVIVAL OF "KING HENRY V." AT THE IMPERIAL.



MR. A. E. GEORGE AS FLUELLEN.

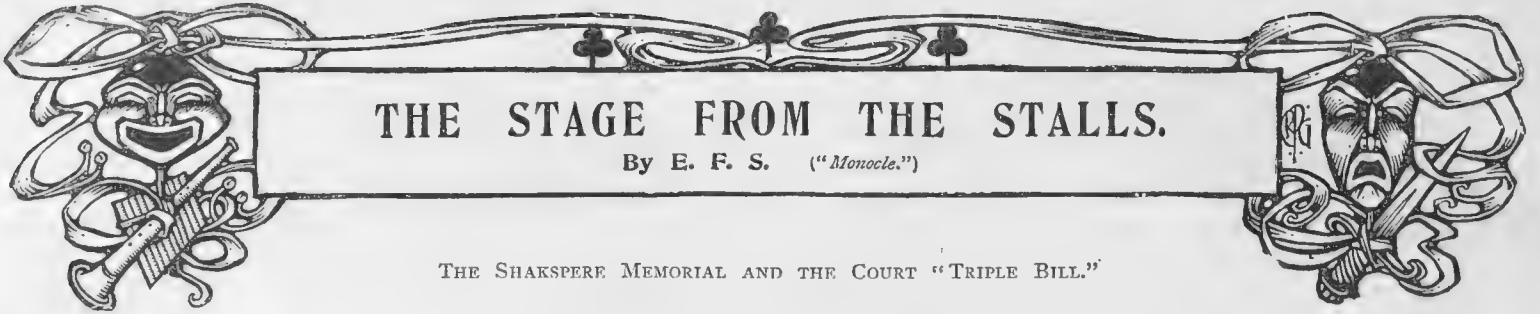
MISS MARY RORKE AS CHORUS.

MISS MARY LEWIS (SISTER OF MR. LEWIS WALLER) AS ISABEL, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON AS PISTOL.

MR. LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY V.

Photographs by Langfier.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE SHAKSPERE MEMORIAL AND THE COURT "TRIPLE BILL."

A WEEK-END spent at a doctor's house, very agreeably, has brought into my mind a phrase, whence it comes I do not know, "Optima medicina est medicina non uti"—I trust the Latin is correct. This I refer to in connection with the Shakspeare Memorial affair. There is another of my very small stock beginning with "Si monumentum." After this display of learning, it remains for me to suggest that there is no need for a Shakspeare Memorial at present. If a time should come when his plays are neglected, if a day were to arrive when books about him and the meaning of his dramas cease to be published, if it should ever happen that people stop writing concerning the esoteric ideas involved in the Sonnets, the necessity for a Memorial would be obvious. At the moment there is a danger lest that terrible person, the "man in the street," should get a little bit tired by the talk about our national dramatist. "Shakspeare and the musical farces" has been served up too often of late by the newspapers. Quite a number of enthusiasts have come to the conclusion that it is needless to add to the Chamber of Horrors which can be seen at the price of a few 'bus-fares in the streets and squares of London. As to the endowment of a playhouse for Shaksperian drama, this may fairly be said: Shakspeare exists, whilst the modern British drama is hardly born.

In connection with Memorials, you may ask, What about a monument to "G. B. S."? Needless, for he is monumental. Moreover, he has had lately a column in the *Daily Mail*, which, of course, is better than a column in Trafalgar Square. "G. B. S." came into my mind because of the new programme at the Court Theatre, in which appears a sort of burlesque by him upon his own play, "Candida." There should be some trades-union rule forbidding a man to burlesque his own work, and the Fabian Society ought to look into the matter. Moreover, his plays have not yet achieved great enough success for the supreme compliment of being burlesqued, though several have deserved it. I do not believe that "How He Lied to Her Husband" was written as a burlesque. It was intended to show that Mr. Shaw is not gulled by his own sophistries. One of the troubles of a dramatist is that people insist upon identifying his opinions with those of his characters. Probably Shakspeare was accused of sharing the sentiments of Aaron the Moor—I refer to the cheery lines: "If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul"—but, of course, Shakspeare might have raised a defence by denial of authorship. Really the new piece is a clever, unambitious trifle, with an excellent joke delayed a little long. On other occasions, this truly gifted, even brilliant, original dramatist has shown a difficulty in leaving off. Still, the house thoroughly enjoyed the comic situation in which the husband of Mrs. Bumpus grew more and more indignant whilst Mr. Henry Apjohn endeavoured to convince him that he had not written compromising poetry to Mrs. Bumpus, by suggesting that the lady had not inspired an unholy passion in him, and

was not likely to kindle illicit flames in anybody. This idea and the scene founded upon it is the heart of the play, and vigorous enough to give life to it. Miss Gertrude Kingston acted splendidly as "the smartest woman of the smartest set in Kensington," Mr. Granville Barker had no trouble in burlesquing his "Candida" performance, and Mr. Poulton was perfect as the uxorious husband of Aurora Bumpus.



THE SECOND GENERATION:
MR. EDMUND WALLER, SON OF
MR. AND MRS. LEWIS WALLER.

Photograph by Thomas.

certain doubt as to the reason why the unsuccessful, dying journalist should attempt to poison the life of his prosperous rival, it is impressive and strangely interesting, yet I must add that the dramatic impression is not fairly in proportion to the character of the painful materials employed. Proportion, after all, in matters of art, occupies almost the position of Charity in relation to the virtues, and there is a want of proportion in the play. Mr. Trollope acted cleverly as a consumptive patient and showed a judicious treatment of the physical aspect. Miss Isabel Grey skilfully made a small part of a nurse effective, and the central figure was presented with rugged but well-disciplined power by Mr. Beveridge. The third piece, Mr. Yeats's play, "A Pot of Broth," is neither a novelty nor a masterpiece, but a bright, little, comic, anecdotal play that would read better than it acts, for it is difficult to make-believe in the duping of the close-fisted Sibby by the tramp's humbug about stone-soup, which did not deceive her husband. Its pleasantest aspect was our renewal of acquaintance with Mr. Robert Pateman, a very able, extremely versatile actor too rarely seen of late. His work as the tramp was full of rich, broad humour.

MRS. LEWIS WALLER'S PRODUCTION OF "THE ADMIRAL'S LADY": MRS. WALLER
AS LADY RUMBELOW, AND MR. EDMUND WALLER AS HARRY RUMBELOW.

"You're the best, the dearest, the loveliest of mothers."

Photograph by Bassano.

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—VII-X.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



THE THREE-LEGGED BLARM.



THE MOONIJIM.



THE SEEKIM.



THE FLEINIKORN.

MONARCHS WHO WALK IN FEAR.

Photographs by D'Alessandri, Downey, Hahn, Pietsner, Ullstein, Pach, and Franzen.

MUZAFFER-ED-DIN MIRZA, SHAH OF PERSIA.
The Quarry both of Fanatics and of those
with Legitimate Grievances.

ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.
In Constant Fear of Assassination, and, consequently,
never Appears in Public.

KING PETER I. OF SERBIA.
The Shadow of the Sword that Killed King Alexander
and Queen Draga Hangs Over Him.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY.
Memories of his Father's End make it Advisable to
Take Precautions.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA.
In Hourly Peril from Revolutionists.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA.
In Frequent Danger from Madmen.

MULEY ABDUL AZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO.
His Partiality for the Wise Men of the
West Endangers Him.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.
A Tool in the Hands of the Powers that Guide the
Destiny of the Balkans, and, therefore, Unsafe.

KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN.
Personally Popular, but must be Guarded from
Anarchists.

MONARCHS WHO WALK IN SAFETY.

Photographs by Pietzner, Mottu, Petit, Stuart, and Elfelt.



KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.
Has Retained the Affection of his People in Spite of
Sweden and Norway being at Loggerheads.

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH I. OF AUSTRIA.
His Personal Charm has done much to keep Austria
and Hungary United.

KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL.
Popular as a Great Sportsman. Moves Freely
Amongst his Subjects.

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.
Has Recovered all the Favour Lost by Willem III.

KING EDWARD VII.
The Most Secure of all Monarchs.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.
His Endeavours to Place his Country at the Head of
European Nations Appeals to the Imagination of his
People.

M. ÉMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH
REPUBLIC.
His Character Appeals Strongly to all Republicans.

KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK.
Much Loved by his People.

THE EMPEROR MUTSUHITO OF JAPAN.
Reverenced, almost as a God, throughout his
Dominions.

PLAYERS OF THE MOMENT IN NEW YORK AND AT HOME.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT DALY'S, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Hyatt.



MISS GLADYS SAQUI IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER, WHO WILL APPEAR SHORTLY IN NEW YORK IN THE NEW COMEDY, "THE TRIFLER."

Photograph by Burr McIntosh.

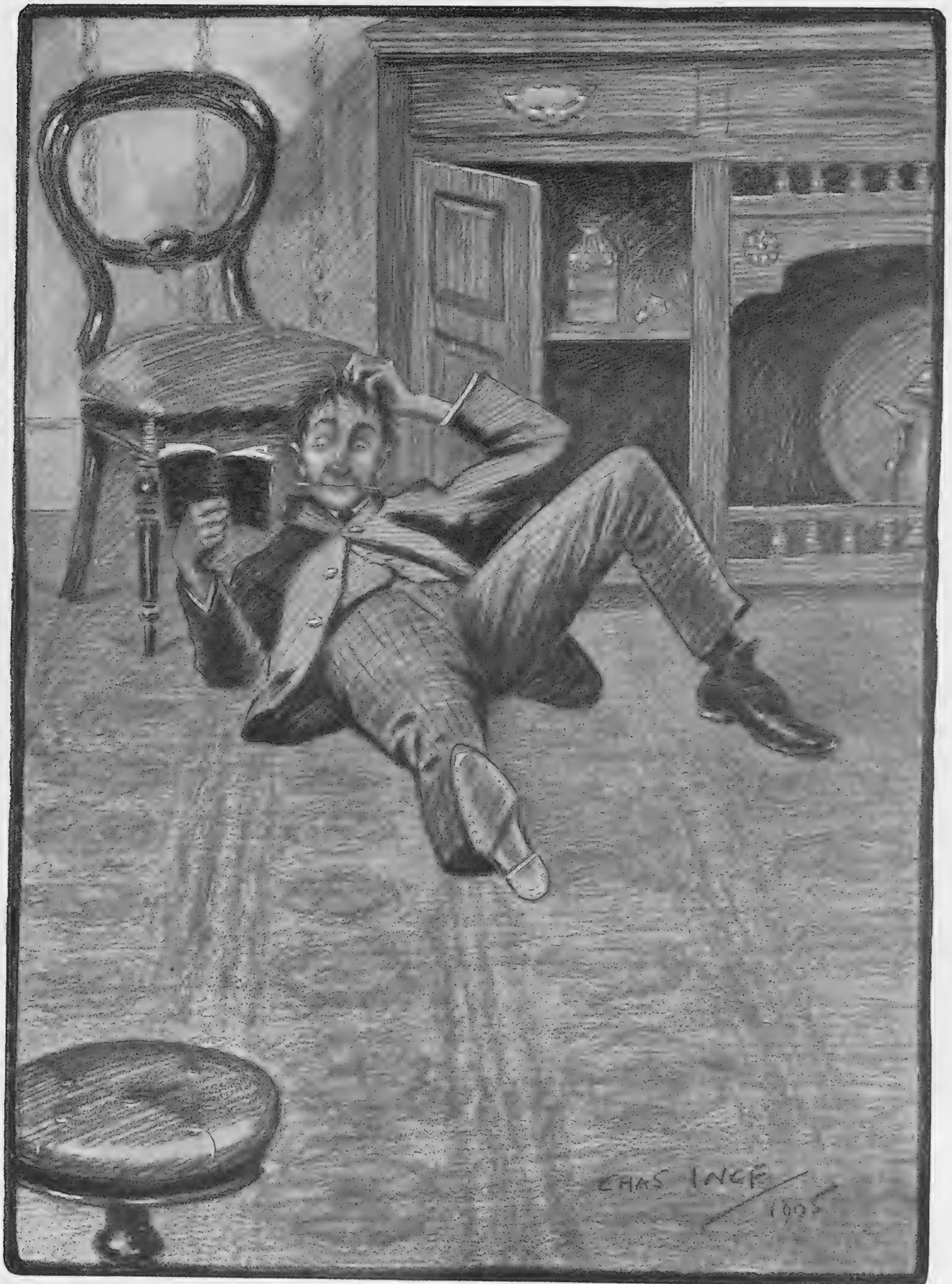


MISS INEZ BENSUSAN AS YO-SAN IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," ON TOUR.

Photograph by F. A. Bourne.

"REVOLUTIONS PRODUCE GREAT MINDS":

AN APHORISM FALSIFIED.



THE ESTATE AGENT'S ASSISTANT (after visiting the Coliseum and its revolving stage—and the bar): One revolving music-stool—a—revolving carpet—and, when it stops, I'll finish the invent'ry.

DRAWN BY CHARLES INCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. LANG'S new volume of literary essays contains papers on Stevenson, Dr. John Brown, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Radcliffe, Smollett, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the Confessions of St. Augustine. So much personal matter is included that the collection of the articles is justified. Mr. Lang is nowhere happier than in his tender and intimate recollections of departed friends.

As much cannot be said for every collection of reviews. The temptation to put together some permanent memorial of busy years in literary criticism is, no doubt, very strong; but, as a rule, it should be firmly resisted. The late Mr. Henley showed much sense and self-restraint when he declined to print more than a few fragments out of the mass of his criticism, and yet at his best there were few journalists to excel him in vigour and in point. Mr. H. W. Nevins, however, has published, in "Books and Personalities" (John Lane), a selection of short articles chiefly contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Nevins has given ample proof of his ability in "Neighbours of Ours" and "In the Valley of Tophet," but he does not shine as a critic, and, even so, he is not at his best in these criticisms. He explains in a somewhat elaborate Preface that the kind of criticism which he has tried to follow is "the broad and simple statement of the delight felt in certain books and certain writers by men who do not pursue literature as their business, but keep their love for it in the midst of other occupations and adventures." The true critic must pursue literature as his business, or, at least, must put it first. What Mr. Nevins has given us is the kind of article prepared for daily newspapers by men who have an evening in which to blue-pencil a book, linking the extracts by comment as good as they can make it at the moment. Such work is by no means to be despised. It serves its purpose in its proper place. But when it is reprinted, its facility, its ordinariness, its want of style, force themselves on the friendliest reader. Mr. Nevins's work is hardly up to the average of its kind. He is not a man of letters. He is well educated, and has read what he ought to have read; but of the width of knowledge and the passion for books shown by the true critic there is no trace in these comparatively vapid and commonplace pages. To take such books as the Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and to give us a dozen pages or so half made up of extract, is very well at the time and in the newspaper, but to reprint it is hardly pardonable. The essays on George Meredith and Thomas Hardy might barely pass in literary journalism, but in a book they show themselves so slight, so trivial, so wanting in grasp and insight, as to do their writer great injustice; for Mr. Nevins is not to be judged by this work, and criticism of any kind is not his particular business.

Mr. G. S. Street's collection, "Books and Things" (Duckworth and Co.), is rather better. Mr. Street knows more about books than Mr. Nevins, and, though far from brilliant, he has good common-sense. Most of his judgments appear to be just. For example,

speaking of the comparative failure of Fielding as a play-writer, he says excellently that Fielding was not only attempting an art for which his genius was unfitted in general, but a small and conventionally narrowed section of that art—the formal comedy of fashion. He was the observer and philosopher of life, free, robust, and vigorous life, and low life for choice in his novels. In his plays he was the manipulator of rigidly artificial life. He thinks that Meredith's best novel is "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," and that nothing so fine has been done in English fiction in the thirty years since it was written. He says, rightly, that Wilkie Collins has not yet had a worthy successor. He is not replaced even by the best writers of detective stories, which, at their highest, have an element of the mechanical and the improbable.

The fault of Mr. Street's volume is that it is dull for the most part—honestly and simply dull. There are conceivable merits that might wipe out that reproach, but Mr. Street does not possess them. But he is an honest, competent, good-tempered critic.

The death is announced of Mr. F. R. Daldy, who was well known as a partner in the firm of Bell and Daldy, and, later, in the firm of Daldy, Isbister, and Co. Bell and Daldy was a successful firm, publishing Bohn's Libraries and many other books; but when the partnership with Mr. Bell was dissolved, and Mr. Daldy became a member of the firm of Daldy, Isbister, and Co., he made an unfortunate change, and spent many of the best years of his life in vain trying to better the situation. Mr. Daldy interested himself continually in the question of copyright, which was, perhaps, the hobby of his life, and for a considerable period he was Secretary of the Copyright Association.

The correspondence between Ibsen and Brandes, a volume of high interest, is being translated, but it will probably not appear before the autumn.

The letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonk are still attracting great attention. Mathilde Wesendonk was the wife of a rich German merchant in Zürich, and when they became acquainted the musician was about forty years old and Mathilde twenty-four. She

was a passionate lover of music, and for years Wagner made her his great confidante, finding in her his "refuge and haven of salvation." In fact, he wrote to her as Balzac wrote to Madame Hanska. The attachment between Wagner and Frau Wesendonk became so distasteful both to Herr Wesendonk and to Wagner's own wife that the composer was compelled to leave Zürich. Seven years later, Frau Wagner died. In 1870 Wagner married Cosima von Bülow.

A very warm reception has been given to the limited edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, in six volumes, bound in grey boards and vellum. Sundry sets have been already re-sold at a premium by the original purchasers.

Two anti-vivisection stories are announced, one by Mark Twain and the other by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. O. O.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

TITLES TRAVESTIED.—DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

THE ILLOGICAL HUMANITARIAN.—By JOHN HASSALL.



THE LADY WITH THE FURS :— Yes, dear, I've given up feather boas and feathers in my hats—it's so cruel to the poor birds.

PERSIFLAGE FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT.



THE 'BUS-DRIVER (to the Tramp, who is gnawing a bone): 'Nah 'then, dinin' out agin?

DRAWN BY VICTOR VENNER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A HOLIDAY TOUCH.

BEING A STORY WHEREIN CHARITY BEGINS ABROAD.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



The snow had been falling faster and faster, and drifting more and more, in obedience to the wild and swirling wind, and now the train, which

had been gradually slackening in speed, gave two or three ineffectual little jerks, and came to a dead stop.

"Snowed in," said a jolly drummer, and burst into a boyish laugh. "By golly, I'm glad of it! It lets me out of spending Sunday in Plainville at that dog-gone hotel where each meal is worse than the one before."

"Right you are," said the man ahead of him, also a drummer. He looked out of the window. "Say, we *are* tied up for fair, ain't we?"

"You can bet your bottom dollar we are, and I'm glad of it."

The drummer said this with so much boyish unction that every man in the parlour-car—and there were no women—turned and looked at him and laughed sympathetically.

No, not quite every man. There was one who sat up in the forward end with a black skull-cap on his bald head, and he was sleeping the sleep of the just. But the laughter and the sudden cessation of the roar of the train awoke him, and he turned around.

Every man in the car was a reader of the magazines, and every man said, mentally, "John D. Knockfeller."

There was really no mistaking the great philanthropist. There he sat in all that severity that covers a warm heart, tall and gaunt and white, and lined and seamed with the cares of great undertakings.

Around him travelling men who could only draw their four hundred dollars a month in the way of salaries, and he a millionaire and yet as powerless as they to move the train out of the great drift into which it had run its nose!

Moved by a sudden boyish impulse, "Is this Mr. Knockfeller?" said the jolly drummer, walking down the aisle to where the financier sat.

"Er—yes," said the great financier. "Are we stalled?"

"Yes, sir, we are. We'll have to make a night of it. Let's get together and have a good time. I'm only a travelling man and you're the richest man in the world. But we're all prisoners together to-night."

Then he turned his rosy, beardless face to the others, who were looking on, half-amazed, half-amused at his audacity, and said—

"Boys, I want you to shake hands with John D. Knockfeller, the most thought-of man in the United States."

If there was a double meaning in his words, his eyes gave no indication of it, for they were as guileless as those of a baby.

Something of the wild spirit of the night had entered the car; the men caught his mood, and, coming down the aisle, prepared to take part in a reception.

As for the great oil magnate, he, too, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and, rising, he held out his hand to each in turn, while a smile widened his thin lips.

"Glad to meet you, boys," said he, in a tone that made some of the men think that he had been maligned in the magazine articles that had been written about him. Here was a creature of flesh and blood, warm-hearted, perhaps even "one of the boys."

As if to put him to the test, the genial drummer who had first spoken pulled out a pocket-flask and offered a dollar grade of whisky to a man who could have paid five thousand dollars a quart for the same grade, and not felt it.

To the surprise of all, John D. accepted the proffer, and, in loving-cup fashion, the bottle traversed the group.

Then, sitting and perching on the revolving chairs, they surrounded the financier, and he so far unbent as to tell them stories of his early life.

At the outset there was nothing more in their attitude toward him than a desire to kill time or have him kill it while the train waited. Like Dick Deadeye, he was not a popular character. Men who knew him not at all had a picture of a stern and forbidding man who had not become generous until after he was fifty, and who had therefore not become generous at all—only canny.

They did not envy him his money, and their imaginations were better pleased with men of the type of Collis P. Huntington or Pierpont Morgan, who had a capacity for friendship. But now this Knockfeller was showing himself to be a man of human sympathies, willing to be influenced by this school's-out mood that the storm and its "tumultuous privacy" had engendered.

For upward of an hour these seven hard-headed men of business, all of them travelling salesmen save one, and he a corporation lawyer, sat at the feet of this man they had been wont to picture as cold and unfeeling, and listened to one story after another of his boyhood, told simply and with no attempt at art in the telling, and yet enthralling by virtue of simplicity and truth.

This man had been a boy like the rest of them. He had had his ideals, his calf-loves, his desire to leave the world better off than when he came into it, and one after another of his listeners made up his mind to take with a grain of salt the tales that had been told of his hardness and his closeness and his lack of scruples in attaining ends.

It was holiday week, and the drummer who had introduced them to Mr. Knockfeller was a man who was fond of opening up generous impulses in others. His own right hand was ready for good deeds, and for that reason he was the more ready to ask of others for others. So, when there came a lull in the reminiscences of the gaunt-faced man in the skull-cap, the jovial traveller said, in his hearty way—

"Mr. Knockfeller, I suppose that this is no time to talk shop, but, as you have such a reputation for philanthropy—if the newspapers tell the truth—you won't take it amiss if I ask you to donate a little something to the pet charity of each man here."

The other men turned startled heads, and the corporation lawyer rose from his seat with a half-grunt. He felt that this was in questionable taste and he did not want to be a party to it. He went to the other end of the car to get a glass of ice-water and did not soon return.

But, after the first shock, the others felt that the audacious drummer had been blessed with a happy thought, and while one or two of them expected to see Mr. Knockfeller freeze up and withdraw into his shell, they all seconded the motion and leaned forward in their respective seats, the better to hear the answer.

Outside, the wind whistled keenly. Wicked wind that it was, it was at that moment causing many a poorly-housed family to cry out with the pain of the cold. Perhaps the thought of its power for evil was brought to the mind of the aged financier as one blast penetrated the frame of the window and entered the car.

Whatever the cause, he responded quickly to the drummer's appeal, and said, warm-heartedly: "I am glad you felt free to ask me. Appeals that are face to face mean more to me than written appeals. In fact, I seldom see the latter, as my secretary attends to them and tears up many that he thinks unworthy of attention. Now, what do you want me to give? And what is it—a college or a hospital or a library?"

Then each man found voice and told what he would like a contribution for. One desired it for a Methodist church sadly in debt, another for a little hospital in a New England town, another to endow a bed in a New York hospital. And the jovial drummer wished a contribution for a home for friendless women in which his wife was interested.

Mr. Knockfeller listened with keen attention.

"I wish," said he, when the last man had said his say, "that I could always have personal interviews with the men who wish money

for pet projects. I can see that you are all energetic business-men, and that it is the wife who is talking through most of you, and in this holiday season I am glad to be able to do something that is not down in my cut-and-dried routine. But——"

He paused and smiled and looked from one to another as he drew out a cheque-book.

Again he said, "But——," and paused and smiled.

The rosy-faced drummer was the quickest-witted, and he suggested—

"Co-operation?"

"No; reciprocity," said Mr. Knockfeller, a really lovely smile appearing on his thin lips.

"You tickle us and we'll tickle you?" said the drummer, with his characteristic laugh.

"Exactly. I, too, have a pet charity. There is a little school for negroes down in Decatur, Georgia, that I am interested in, and, while I help it myself, I also get other people to help, for that is the best way in which to spread abroad a spirit of generous giving."

"That's so," said the drummer. "Well, put me down for—four five dollars for the little nigs."

He put his hand into his pocket as he spoke, and, drawing out a roll of bills, he loosened a five from the wad and laid it on his knee.

Knockfeller said: "How much is two hundred times five? I'm not very quick at figures."

A chorus of chuckles went up at this incongruous remark.

"Two hundred times five dollars is a thousand dollars," said the boyish drummer.

The next man, with a new-born wisdom, said, "Here is ten dollars." It was all the money he had with him, but, if he could take home two thousand dollars to that little hospital, it would be worth ten to him to hear what would be said by his wife and the townspeople generally.

"That makes it two thousand dollars for your—hospital?"

"Hospital," said the other, in a hushed voice. His throat felt crowded.

The little drummer kicked himself for not having thought of a bigger figure, and made up his mind to add to his contribution when the rest should have made their bids.

Oh, how young Judson regretted that he had blown in all his money save a dollar the night before! He handed a dollar to Knockfeller, and the financier put down two hundred dollars on the slip of paper on which he was setting down the various amounts. Two hundred dollars when he might have had twenty thousand! For he would willingly have handed out a hundred if he had had it. It would have been worth that to save his wife from the philanthropic work that, in lieu of money, she was always doing for the industrial school in their town.

Two of the others handed out twenty dollars apiece, and were due to receive four thousand dollars each.

And, last of all, the smallest man in the group in point of stature, but the biggest in point of heart, took out his wallet and handed out two hundred dollars. It was money he was saving up for the purchase of an automobile, but forty thousand dollars would wipe out the church debt and make his wife happy, as she was wrapped up heart and soul in the work of freeing the church from its incubus.

Mr. Knockfeller took the money from the six men and put it into his inside pocket just as it was.

He did not count it, but, referring to the slip, he said—

"It foots up to two hundred and fifty-six dollars."

He figured for a moment, and then added—

"I am due to give you, collectively, fifty-one thousand two hundred dollars, and I assure you that I wish it were more; but I make it a rule never to give more than two hundred times as much as anyone else."

"Can't I raise my ——?" began the first drummer, but stopped, for he thought he saw a hard look stealing over the face of the financier, and he decided to let well enough alone.

Mr. Knockfeller took a fountain-pen out of his pocket and made out the various cheques, beginning with the one for a thousand dollars; and taking them in rotation.

When he came to the case of the man who had given a dollar, he paused and said—

"Why not more?"

"Broke," was the crestfallen answer.

"Give me your cheque for ten and I'll make it two thousand two hundred dollars."

"Haven't a cheque-book, but I'll borrow from anyone who wants to trust me until I get to New York. I'm with——" He named a well-known dry-goods house, and the man who sat next him handed him a ten at once. The stone-broke traveller gave, in return, his card with an I.O.U. on it, and a minute later he was buttoning up a cheque for two thousand two hundred dollars.

The corporation lawyer came back just as the last cheque was made out.

"You've missed it," said the drummer who had made all this charity possible. "Here, you'd better chip in."

"No," said Mr. Knockfeller. "In the words of Scripture, 'ye cannot enter now.'"

He rose and peered out of the window.

"Are we here for the night?" said he.

It had stopped snowing, but the wind was still whirling the snow here and there. About half-a-mile distant the lights of a village gleamed across the cold wastes.

"I guess we are. I don't know how the rest of you feel, but it seems to me as if a Welsh-rabbit would go pretty good about now," said the rosy-faced drummer. "Won't everybody come in?"

There was a general movement forward to the buffet-car, Mr. Knockfeller staying a moment to throw his overcoat on his shoulders, for he was subject to colds.

The exultant men who had preceded him talked jubilantly of his generosity.

"Never'll believe another word I hear to his discredit."

"He's all right." "Won't my wife be glad!" "Knocks the debt higher'n a kite." "Gee, I wish this train would move, so I could send a telegram home!" "Going to save my news till I get home."

There was a sudden jolting, the cars butted against something again and again, and at last, thanks to certain shovelling that had been going on while the men had been enjoying the varied resources of Mr. Knockfeller, the train moved slowly along the tracks.

The Welsh-rabbit ordered, the genial drummer said, "Didn't John D. understand that he was to come in, too?"

"Maybe he don't want to butt in among men of our position," said one, with a whimsical smile.

"I'll go get him," said the drummer, and went back, only to return in a moment with some excitement of manner.

"Isn't back there. His hat and coat are gone, too. We've gone about a mile."

A porter who had followed close on the drummer's heels said—

"I see that tall gentleman open the vestibule door an' git off jes' befo' the train started. I tol' him he might git left, an' then I was called away an' the train started."

The six men looked at each other seriously, and the corporation counsel began to grin sardonically.

"Is that John D. Knockfeller's signature?" said the dry-goods drummer, looking at his cheque.

"Search me," said the first drummer.

"Wait a minute," said one of them. He went to his overcoat and brought back a magazine. It contained a portrait of the aged financier, together with his autograph.

"No more like it than nothing at all," he declared.

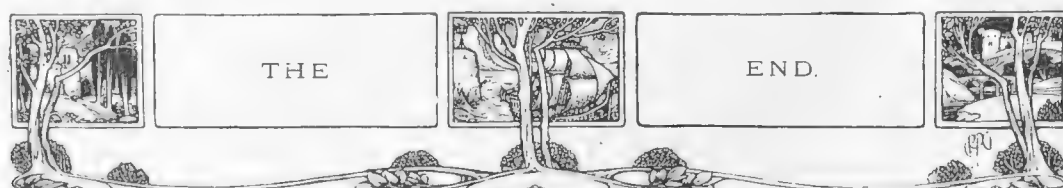
"He lef' his hand-bag," said the porter.

The genial drummer went after it and brought it into the buffet-car. Without compunction, he opened it and disclosed a pair of pyjamas, some toilet articles, a pack of cards, and the name "J. Smith" written on the inner lining.

"John D. Knockfeller is a skin!" said the drummer, explosively.

The corporation counsel looked amused.

"I've heard that before," said he.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



FIFTY-EIGHT speaking parts. That is the number of characters employed by M. Richepin in telling his story of *Madame Du Barri*, which will be given at the Savoy on Saturday evening next, always provided—that, at the last moment, Mr. Gilbert Hare, who is responsible for the placing of the piece on the stage, does not decide to postpone it for a few days, for he has wisely resolved not to present it to the public until he is perfectly satisfied that it is not only ready, but capable of going with perfect smoothness. The number of speaking parts, however, by no means represents the total number of the characters, for the production is on so elaborate a scale that, altogether, there will be about a hundred and sixty people in the theatre, an enormous number when the relatively small size of the stage is taken into account.

That Mrs. Brown-Potter herself will enact the young milliner who eventually rose to so brilliant a position is a matter of common knowledge, as is the fact that Mr. Gilbert Hare will take on himself the part of Louis XV. The scope of the play, however, calls for the services of only a few actors of primary importance. They will include Miss Elsie Chester and Miss Audrey Ford, Mr. W. L. Abingdon as Comte Jean Du Barri, Mr. Herbert Ross as the Duc de Richelieu, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, Mr. Clarence Blakiston, and Mr. William Devereux, who, relinquishing for the moment the part of the villain, with which his name has generally been associated, will play the lover.

In pursuance of the Savoy policy, music will be an important feature of the production, in which two ballets will be introduced. So elaborate have been the preparations for "*Du Barri*" that all playgoers will hope that Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare will find in it that "winner" for which they have so assiduously and pluckily sought since the Savoy Theatre came under their control.



THE AUTHOR OF "DU BARRI":
M. JEAN RICHEPIN.

M. Richepin, the author of "*Du Barri*," an English version of which Mrs. Brown-Potter is to present on Saturday next, is visiting this country in order that he may witness the production of his work at the Savoy.

Photograph by Otto.

of several plays and many short stories; and has been commissioned to write a "curtain-raiser" for a leading house in the West-End. As she possesses undoubted talent, a capacity for hard work, and a fixed determination to succeed, Miss Bensusan is likely to make for herself in this country a position equal to the one she enjoys in the Colonies.



WHO'S EYE?

The revival of the fashion of painting miniatures of the eye alone has once again led the photographer to emulate the artist, as evidenced by the photograph reproduced above. The name of the lady whose eye this is is given on the second of "Our Ladies' Pages."

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

Little short of remarkable—or would it not be more accurate to omit the qualifying phrase?—is the way in which M. André Messager has become the popular musician of London. His "*Véronique*" has been one of the greatest successes of the season, and now Mr. George Edwardes has announced that the work which will follow "*The Cingalee*" at Daly's is another opera by M. Messager, while, since his arrival from New York, Mr. Edwardes has been to Paris to see a third work which, it is confidently reported, he has purchased, with a view to its eventual production in London. "*The Cingalee*," by the way, will be acted for the last time on Saturday.

The members of the Grossmith family have played so conspicuous a part in the amusement of the public that sincere sympathy is generally extended towards them in the great sorrow which has come upon them by the death of Mrs. George Grossmith senior. Her graciousness of manner and the gentle sweetness of her disposition endeared her to a wide circle of personal friends, who will doubtless do all that is humanly possible to alleviate the distress of her husband, who was devoted to her.

Quietly and without much preliminary paraphrasing, in accordance with their custom, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude have decided to withdraw "*Beauty and the Barge*," in order to produce Captain Robert Marshall and Mr. Louis N. Parker's adaptation of Pierre Wolff's "*Le Secret de Polichinelle*," under the title of "*Everybody's Secret*," next Tuesday evening. Mr. Cyril Maude, naturally, heads the Company, the cast of which presents the somewhat unusual aspect of having more women than men, a fact which the cynic would declare is necessary in every Punch's secret. In "*Everybody's Secret*" Miss Carlotta Addison will make her welcome reappearance, associated with Miss Helen Ferrers, Miss Elizabeth Kirby, Miss Adela Measor, and Miss Jessie Bateman, Mr. Charles Bryant and Mr. Edmund Maurice.

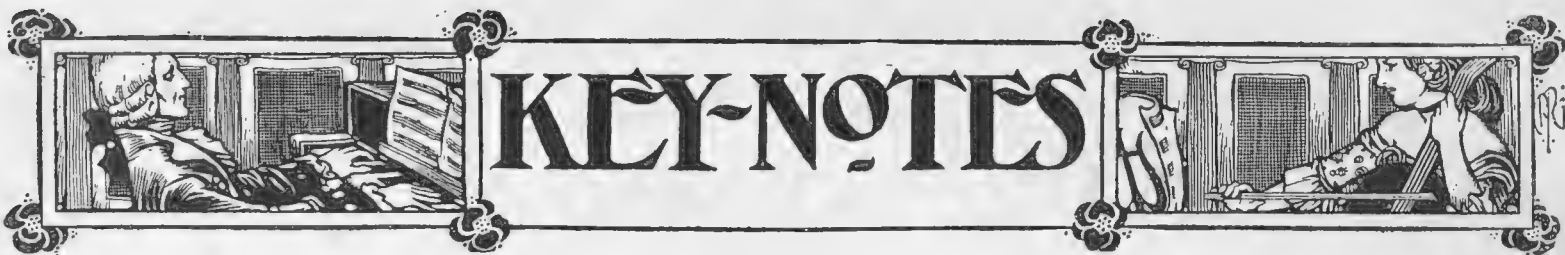
"The Knights of the Road," the operetta, with music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie and libretto by the old Savoyard Mr. Henry A. Lytton, which was produced at the Palace the other day with deserved success, is not ambitious as far as plot is concerned. Will o' Dene, Captain of a band of highwaymen, is in love with Rose Merton, the daughter of the keeper of an inn on the Portsmouth road, and, being in love, decides to give up the dangerous habit of robbing His Majesty's mails in order that, after a rousing song, his men and himself may serve in His Majesty's Army. Sergeant Slowe is his rival with Rose Merton, and makes a gallant but lonely and futile effort to capture the band of highwaymen single-handed. As a result, he is left gagged and bound to a chair in the middle of the inn-floor, while the Knights of the Road march off, presumably to claim cockades from the recruiting sergeant.



THE COMPOSER OF THE NEXT PRODUCTION
AT DALY'S: M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER.

M. Messager, already well known in this country as the composer of "*Véronique*," is also responsible for the music of "*Les P'tites Michus*," the next production at Daly's, and of "*Les Dragons de l'Impératrice*."

Photograph by Nadar.



BY far the most important musical event that has happened in London for a very long time was the production, last Saturday week, of Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica," a spelling which is derivable from both the correspondence from the Queen's Hall which we have received, and also from the programme itself, although the natural spelling should clearly be "Sinfonia." It was pleasant to think that London should be the place where this work was produced first of all in England, simply because, as a rule, provincial towns like Birmingham or Manchester are the privileged centres at which these new great works from our later great men issue. From that point of view, it is no wonder that Sir Edward Elgar astonished everybody by his definite assertion that the best music in England is to be found a good deal north of London. London, then, had her privilege, and the remaining inquiry is just this: How did she use it?

To begin with, it was certain that Mr. Henry J. Wood would leave nothing aside in order that his band's interpretation should be as perfect as possible. Seventeen rehearsals, therefore, were given before the final production of the work, a fact which alone proves what is the opinion about the Symphony held by Mr. Wood himself. Even on these conditions, though for the most part the Symphony was magnificently played, one could observe at times a little weakness, a sort of shyness rather, on the part of the band in producing absolutely perfect effect. There are two elements in this Symphony, the conjunction of which seem to have betrayed many critics into the expression of words which show that they are baffled by the tremendous audacity of Strauss. Tremendous audacity indeed! One may say so with perfect truth, since the aim of Strauss has been to use every possible resource of the Orchestra in order to produce a unity of result. We scarcely dare to use the words "simplicity of result," because the meaning of the word "simplicity" is not understood by those who do not know its derivation. Yet, to anybody who followed carefully Strauss's score, it was not in the least difficult to see how single was the complete result through overwhelming orchestral means. There is the mark of the genius. Because Strauss has the power of rejection, even though he retains so much for his own purpose, his scores are really not at all difficult to follow; and in this last score he has given every facility to his hearers to follow his meaning as nearly as one standing very much in the

background may be allowed to follow the march of a great monarch. Some have jeered at the enormous amount of detail which has gone to make up so ordinary a matter as the baby's bath. But such commentators utterly fail to perceive that the matter of a baby's bath is complex to the last degree; the preparations, the actual bathing, the trouble of the soap and the towel, the water, the strugglings of the child, and what not, after all make up quite a detailed chapter of incidents. There is another little point to make before we have done with it: a general attack has been made upon the German composer, because, although sanctioning a definite programme, he still desires that his work should be regarded as absolute music.

"How," they exclaim, "can you have music with an authorised programme called 'absolute'?" The answer is very simple. Strauss has allowed the world to know precisely wherefrom he derives his inspiration, otherwise he certainly would not have called his work the "Domestic Symphony." Yet at the end of it all he recognises perfectly well that the source of his inspiration is one thing, and that his music is another. Beethoven, when he wrote his "Pastoral Symphony," was quite outspoken as to the derivation of his inspiration. Whenever that Symphony is produced, the programme invariably tells us how each section inspired Beethoven to this particular music. It is true that in one passage Beethoven becomes a little too realistic, just as it is equally true that in the striking of a clock Strauss himself has overpassed the bounds of absolute music. But who would for a moment pretend that Beethoven's work was not absolute music? And, from the same point of view, one must remember that when Richard Strauss says that, although he has a programme, his music is absolute—that is to say, written with some remoteness from

the subject which he has taken—why should we go about disbelieving that which he has assured us of?

The London Symphony Orchestra gave a concert a few days ago which was conducted by Mr. Charles E. Williams with remarkable skill. Perhaps the most interesting item of the entertainment was the interpretation by Miss Marie Brema of Alfred Bruncow's "Song Cycle, Chansons à Danser." It was the first production of the work in its entirety and with

orchestra, and Miss Brema sang it with splendid vigour and great distinction. A set of "Variations and Finale in E Minor" by Mr. J. D. Davis was produced for the first time on this occasion.—COMMON CHORD.



A SINGER WHO CHANGED HER NAME TO SUIT A FOREIGN LANGUAGE; Mlle. ELVANNA (OTHERWISE MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW).

The singer well known in America and in England as Miss Ellen Beach Yaw found it necessary to act under a nom-de-théâtre when playing recently in the revival of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Teatro Quirino in Rome, as it was feared that it would be impossible for the Italians to pronounce her real name properly. Miss Yaw, as Mlle. Elvanna, sang Lucia, and met with considerable success.

Photograph by H. le Lieure.

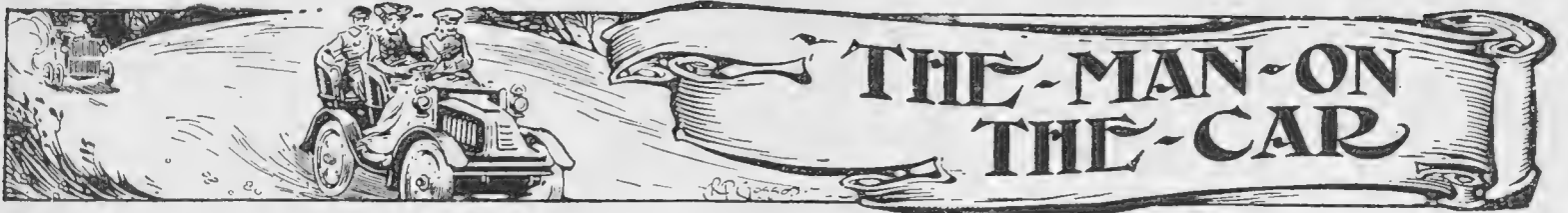


THE NEWLY DISCOVERED RONDO BY MOZART: THE FIRST PAGE OF THE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT.

The manuscript of the newly discovered rondo by Mozart, which was played for the first time at a concert given recently by Miss Grace Sunderland and Mr. Frank Thistleton, was at one time in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, who gave it to the Sultan Abdul Aziz of Turkey, who, in turn, presented it to his bandmaster, Guatelli Pasha. On Guatelli's death, his son sold it to the late Mr. Julian Marshall, and in 1881 it was acquired by the authorities of the British Museum, who entered it wrongly in the catalogue as "Two Movements in D for Two Pianos (right hands)." The true nature of the work was only discovered last year by Mr. Barclay Squire. The manuscript consists of an opening allegro containing 100 bars, but wanting two leaves (33 bars) to complete the movement, and the final rondo (255 bars).

By Courtesy of Mr. Frank Thistleton.

and in this last score he has given every facility to his hearers to follow his meaning as nearly as one standing very much in the



THE NEW ELECTRICAL TIMING APPARATUS—COVERED BODIES—ENGLISH-MADE TYRES—THE FORTHCOMING MOTOR-BOAT RACES AT MONACO—
UNIVERSAL LIGHTING—LOCAL SPEED-LIMITS.

THE police are once again upon the war-path on the Brighton road, and fines quite savage in their intensity were inflicted upon sundry automobilists last week at Hayward's Heath. The myrmidons of the law were posted at Bolney, with an electrical timing apparatus said to have been invented by Sir Thomas Kelvin, but characterised by an expert electrician as a wholly unreliable instrument, unreliably handled and unreliably installed. Notwithstanding all this, the fines were imposed. It is to be hoped that



A MOTOR WHERE NO PETROL IS: DR. HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S CAR ON THE SANDS OF BERRIAN, IN THE ALGERIAN SAHARA.

appeals will follow in all cases where this electrical apparatus is used, and that sound evidence as to timing will be put before Quarter Sessions when the cases come on for hearing. Seeing the persecution to which automobilists driving to Brighton by the direct road are continually subject, it is a marvel to me that they stick so tenaciously to this route. There are many alternatives, increasing the journey by a few miles or so; but what are a few miles more or less to a man driving an average car? Moreover, the main Brighton road through Horley, Crawley, Handcross, and Bolney is by no means the most picturesque way.

It is true that covered bodies—by which I would be understood to imply landaulettes and limousines—have caught on rapidly in France, and are to some extent catching the public fancy in this country, but I cannot believe that they will ever become as general here as they are across the Channel. English men and women will, I feel sure, never bring themselves to go for a pleasure-drive in a motor-car, boxed up in a stuffy body. To do so would be to rob automobilism of all its robust pleasures, its exhilarating effects, and the opportunity it gives to man to pass many cubic feet of fresh air through his lungs without having to resort to violent exercise, which many people cannot, of course, engage in. Protection against our uncertain clime is desirable on what I may term a sporting car, no doubt; but this should take the form of a good, waterproof, double Cape Cart hood, which is protection enough for anybody.

The public leaning towards all-British cars which was so much in evidence at the late Olympia Exhibition is, I am pleased to say, quite as bountifully extended to English-made tyres. The undeniable and extraordinary craze for one certain type of French tyre, which, as a matter of solid fact, was never really warranted, does not now obtain, and buyers are only too willing to take English-made tyres of known make. And, indeed, there is every reason that the native article should be adopted. The Reliability Trials of the past two years have been all in favour of the English tyre, and singular instances of their good, sound, well-wearing qualities crop up every day. I have had a pair of 810 by 100 Dunlop pneumatic tyres brought to my notice lately which have run some four thousand five hundred miles on the

driving-wheels of a four-cylinder 15 horse-power car, the owner of which is none too chary of bad roads, and these covers are, to all intents and purposes, as good as the day they were first mounted upon the rims. Pneumatic tyres for motor-cars equal to, if not better than, any others produced anywhere in the world now issue from the Dunlop Company's works at Aston.

It looks as if this country will stand a chance of scoring honours in the forthcoming motor-boat races at Monaco. *Napier II.*, the boat, owned by Mr. S. F. Edge, which did so well last year, has been re-hulled by those famous speed-craft builders, Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of the Isle of Dogs, and, from what I hear, put in some wonderful work on the measured distance in Long Reach. The boat was officially timed to cover the knot, which is 6,082 ft. = 2,027½ yds., at a speed of over thirty-one miles per hour. This is marvellous for a flat-bottomed craft 40 ft. long and 5 ft. beam, but it must be borne in mind that this little vessel carries two 65 horse-power Napier four-cylinder petrol engines, each driving its own propeller. I am told by an observer that, when this craft is really hurrying, all appearance of flotation and movement through water disappears, and she suggests nothing so much as an arrow discharged from a huge bow by some denizen of the deep. I believe that the experienced torpedo-boat constructor is immensely impressed with the future of the explosion engine, of much huger powers than those in use to-day, for the purpose of fast war-craft propulsion.

With regard to the Universal Lighting Bill, upon which I touched last week, it is interesting to learn that that measure has been successful in the ballot, having secured ninth place. It has been put down for reading on Friday, May 12.

The work done throughout the country by the Automobile Club and the Motor Union in fighting local applications for speed-limits is invaluable, and is not, I regret to say, in receipt of a tithe of the appreciation it deserves. The Town Council of Falkirk has withdrawn its application, evidently in the face of the amount of cold water which is being thrown upon such appeals by the Local Government Board all round. Just lately the Club has been putting up a good



THE MODERN SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ARAB STEED: NATIVE CURIOSITY IN DR. DE ROTHSCHILD'S CAR AT BERRIAN.

fight at Whitehaven, where some utterly absurd and unnecessary restrictions are sought to be imposed upon motor-cars. The road which the Council desired to close *altogether* to motor-cars was shown to be the most important road in the Borough. The Club representatives showed that the Council had altogether failed to prove that the road was "especially dangerous for ordinary motor-car traffic," so that, in all probability, this application will come to naught, and the Whitehaven Councillors will find they have spent the ratepayers' money to sustain a spiteful prejudice without avail.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

SPRING HANDICAPS—OBJECTIONS—APPRENTICES.

THINGS have brightened up considerably these last few days in regard to speculation on the first big handicaps of the season. This is only natural, seeing that the opening of the flat-race season is close upon us. When I first saw the acceptances, I was of



A NOTED SPORTSWOMAN: MRS. PAULET.

Mrs. Paulet, although very feminine in her home-tastes, takes rank among great sportswomen. She has travelled, in pursuit of big game, to the most inaccessible spots, and has never missed a chance of enjoying whatever might be the characteristic sport of the place in which she happened to find herself.

Photograph by Thomson.

he should obtain a place in the National, for which he has run prominently more than once. For the remaining place I fancy Kirkland, who, like Detail, knows the course thoroughly—and that is half the battle at Aintree. Reverting to the Lincolnshire Handicap, a good many people who are always on the look-out for "the best outsider" seem to think that Silent Friend is going to win. They have this much reason on their side—the horse since Sam Loates purchased him has improved a lot, and there is no doubt about the work his owner-trainer has given him to do; he seems to have been hard at it on every possible occasion. Well, those who think of backing Silent Friend would show wisdom if they deferred action until the day of the race or thereabouts, because he is entered in the first race of the year, the Trial Plate. What is more, I fancy this will be the race selected for him. He certainly would stand a much better chance of winning it than of winning the Lincoln Handicap.

The National Hunt Stewards and the Jockey Club would do well to reconsider their rules governing objections. Many times I have urged that technical objections—that is to say, objections on the grounds of incorrect entry (a phrase that covers a vast area)—should not be permissible after a race is run. Of course, if anything in the shape of foul riding, or bumping, or boring, or crossing hinders a horse from winning, the owner of the losing horse, should it finish second, has a perfect right to object if he so wish. But the state of things

that allows men to start horses well knowing that an irregularity exists that will prevent them getting the race if they win should be speedily ended and a lot of heart-burning thereby avoided. And, while on the subject of objections, I should like to add that I am sorry the Sandown Stewards established such a dangerous precedent when they allowed an appeal from one of their verdicts on a race to the National Hunt Stewards. Since that time all decisions have been followed—automatically, it would seem—by the words: "Leave has been given to appeal." Let the local Stewards attend strictly to their duty and sift all the evidence thoroughly, and these appeals to a higher court will be unnecessary, and a tremendous amount of confusion and trouble prevented. For years I have advocated that stipendiary Stewards be appointed—men who know the rules, and upright men not afraid to act. If such men were appointed, most of the troubles we have experienced would never occur. One of the prominent members of the Jockey Club thinks no men answering this description are to be found in England. That is an opinion in which few will share, and does not say much for the standard of English honour and capability. Not many years will pass before I see this advice of mine followed. Of that I feel sure.

Very few of the apprentices able to claim the 5-lb. allowance in the coming season are above ordinary calibre; that is to say, with the exceptions of George Bullock, whose allowance-time expires on April 4; William Kerridge, April 30; Ernest Pratt, April 13; William Saxby, April 5; and Alfred Sharples, April 7. Thus a quintet of clever boys will join the ranks of the ordinary jockeys soon after the opening of the season. Of those left, Elsey possesses one of the best in George Anderson, who at one period last year had a very satisfactory sequence of wins to his name on the Northern circuit. Another boy who might make a name for himself is Charles Hawkins, attached to Major Edwards's stable. This lad first came into prominence at Kempton Park, when he rode an extreme outsider into a place. On that occasion he shaped very well, and he is sure to be in request this year, especially as he can claim the allowance until Nov. 18. He caught the Judge's eye first at Derby on Golden Measure (another outsider, by the way), on which occasion he rode with every confidence and like a true workman. Pike, Mr. Dawson's clever apprentice, is what one might call an old hand. He had a lot of riding last year, and his time expires in June. Mr. George Lambton has a likely boy in William Wheelton, but his time does not extend over May 23. Trainers Sherwood, Jennings, and Elsey seem to have singularly good fortune with their apprentices. Perhaps they will turn out one or two good ones this year. By the way, I should like to see more riding given to boys when they have completed their allowance-period. It is scarcely fair to them to make idols of them while they are entitled to the 5-lb., and to desert them from the day the right to the allowance expires.

CAPTAIN COE.



A FORM OF SPORT UNKNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY: A TROTTING-RACE ON THE ICE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO the old *habitué* and devoted admirer of beautiful Paris the proposed scheme for illuminating the Avenue de l'Opéra by supplementing the present electric-light by means of powerful gas-jets will be the one thing needful to perfection. For years the passing traveller has marvelled at the contrast presented by this great

suggested that it might afterwards draw smiles in the Row, so a blue silk with great purple pansies was annexed instead. Broderie Anglaise seems a craze over here, and most of these white lingerie skirts are entirely delightful; some of nainsook, covered with this old-time broderie, others carried out in medallions frilled round with narrow Valenciennes. Entire frocks of this English embroidery will follow later in the season. While costing more than the ordinary muslin, they wear well and look well to the last; one only hopes that cheap imitations will not take the field and oust a very dainty fashion. As usual in the spring, Parisiennes are wearing tartan. The habit is perennial here, but does not seem to travel across the water. We certainly have affected shepherd's plaid in England, but the various clans do not seem to find as much favour in our sight as in that of the dainty daughters of "la belle France."

Kate Reily shows a smart white frock on this week's page, partaking rather of the tailor-made aspect, with pipings of silk and embroidery. A feature of this little woollen gown is its extremely good style and extreme simplicity. Elaborate creations, as those whom it most concerns know, are far less a criterion of excellence than the less embellished dress which depends on outline and "cut" for its effect, and in both essentials Kate Reily is pre-eminently at home. Several charming hats, newly arrived from Paris, were shown us, before leaving town, at the same temple of fashion. The smartest were tilted at an acute angle, a sufficiently becoming mode for those who can carry it off with the necessary *chic*, while for those others



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE SOUTH BY KATE REILY.

thoroughfare—all bustle and gaiety by day, all dulness and silence at night. While other thoroughfares are brilliantly lighted and thronged with gazers at gay shop-fronts, the Avenue de l'Opéra puts up its shutters at six or seven o'clock, turns down its lights, and the "handsomest street in Europe" is *en demi deuil* from sunset onwards.

Now that is all to be changed, and from the Louvre to the Opera House a magnificent thoroughfare will blaze with light both from shop-fronts and powerful street-illuminants. At regular intervals great bronze pedestals will support growing plants—palms, rhododendrons, oleanders, and others in their season—so that one more attraction will be added to always alluring Lutetia, and the great Avenue de l'Opéra be turned from a *triste* and deserted place by night into a gay and much-frequented promenade. That the Municipal Council will support the scheme there is little doubt, for your Parisian is artist first, but certainly man-of-business afterwards, and so obvious an improvement on the present *régime* cannot fail in appealing to the practical side of French nature. Even in a flying visit on one's way South, the more advanced stage of spring fashions here in Paris impresses the receptive feminine mind. A greater gaiety of colour in the hats, a more summer-like lightness in the frocks—even coloured parasols are shown in the shops to tempt the giddy traveller who, like ourselves, is oscillating towards the delightful but devouring Monte Carlo. Some of these parasols are entirely of lace, lined with chiffon; others, less ethereal, are of floral taffetas, veined with gold thread. One which seemed very appropriate to our destination is of white silk, with a huge spider's-web in silver cord, and an embroidered and very bloated spider in the corner. I thought of buying it; but reflection



[Copyright.]

A SPRING GOWN OF BLUE SERGE.

whom a picturesque setting better suits there were lace-trimmed, flower-crowned creations variously alluring for all styles and kinds of fair femininity.

Having but one night in Paris, we "battered our cake on both sides," and took a full draught of fashion and frivolity by supping at Maxime's and going on for minor refreshments to the Café de Paris. One's chief impression was of scintillating diamonds, but spring

millinery came in a good second. None of those tiny flower-toques which are exploited in the shops at home were visible, but the aforesaid tip-tilted chapeau was everywhere rampant, in every conceivable colour, and with every flower that blooms exquisitely simulated. Taffetas frocks were in the ascendant. One in pale grey, with posies of flowers in natural colours, was a dream of daintiness. Decidedly, the Parisienne knows how to choose her clothes and wear them.

SYBIL.

"MY LADY NICOTINE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

IT is not given to any house of entertainment to be always at its best, and if a new ballet is greeted with an unfailing measure of praise it is, perhaps, because many who watch the first performance on behalf of the public will not apply to ballet the fixed standard of judgment they would give to other stage-productions. Every Alhambra ballet has points of beauty, and there is much to admire in "My Lady Nicotine"—splendidly daring colour-contrasts, sustained animation, clever little pieces of pantomime. The music, too, is excellent, with a strongly marked rhythm, good orchestral variety, and considerable tunefulness. And yet it is impossible to avoid the thought that the new ballet does not maintain the Alhambra's best tradition.

I think that "My Lady Nicotine" is weakest in the development of a very happy idea. It was an admirable thought to pass the story of tobacco from a plantation in Virginia to fairyland, by way of Constantinople and a Dutch city. Unfortunately, in the working of the scheme the responsible people seem to have forgotten the class of work they are presenting. Ballet demands dancing of the first order; it cannot disregard the expert. In "My Lady Nicotine" the place of the *prima ballerina* is taken by a lady whose genius lies in twisting herself into shapes that must seriously threaten the domestic economy of her vital organs—"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la danse." The most ambitious piece of work that has some nodding acquaintance with Italy is accomplished by a lady who seems to rest content with the *mezza-punta*, the step that does not make a serious call upon the toes. The fantastic fourth tableau, though very pretty, suggested the transformation-scene in a pantomime, and throughout I failed to trace complete appreciation of the possibilities that the subject afforded.

Perhaps it may seem hypercritical to complain of a production that has pretty music, gay dresses, fine scenery, and sustained action; but, on the other hand, ballet is entitled to be considered seriously, and one cannot forget that the Alhambra, which holds the longest and best-sustained tradition in England, has taught many of us how beautiful a ballet can be. Some of the productions at the house will never be forgotten by lovers of dancing; there have been times when one and all concerned have united to present some idea in its most beautiful aspect. We have had music, dancing, and costumes that have together made a poem. It would be idle to claim for "My Lady Nicotine" that its development exhibits any of this serene, imaginative beauty. The old poetry has gone with the old style of dancing, and what remains can hardly console us for the loss.

S. L. B.

WHO'S EYE?

The photograph in "Heard in the Green-Room," for particulars of which *Sketch* readers were referred to this page, is of the eye of Miss Camille Clifford, the Gibson Girl of "Prince of Pilsen" and "Catch of the Season" fame.

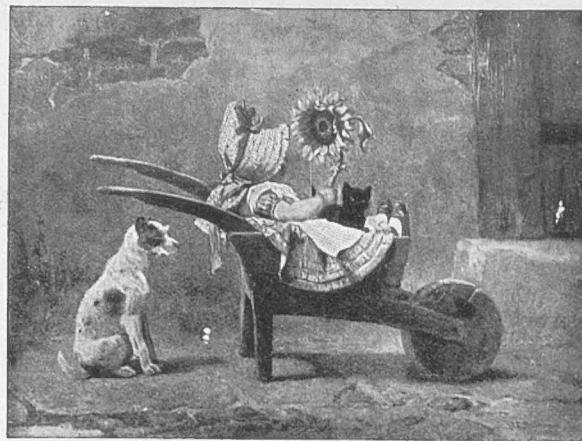
Judges are so often the cause of amusement in their Courts that for one of them to extend his activity towards the stage, and thus seek a wider sphere for his humour, is, perhaps, not remarkable. The "comedy-farce," "While the Cat's Away," produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Monday evening, in which His Honour Judge Parry has collaborated with Mr. Frederick Mouillot, is, it need hardly be said, not his first stage-venture, for in April 1901 "England's Elizabeth," in which he collaborated with Mr. Louis Calvert, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester; and in the December of the same year a dramatic version of "Katawampus," written with the same partner, was given at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London.

The London County Council has decided to place an order for fifty school-pianos with Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, Limited, 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore Street, W.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus's ballad concert the other day was as successful as might have been anticipated. The pianist's skill was shown to great advantage by the tone of the instrument upon which he played—a Chappell Concert Grand.

Mr. Frank Cooper's "Oxford" marmalade is so much a household word that it is not surprising that its sale is steadily on the increase. Though particularly associated with the University town, the preserve can be obtained in many other places, a list of which will be sent to anyone applying for one to 83 and 84, High Street, Oxford.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



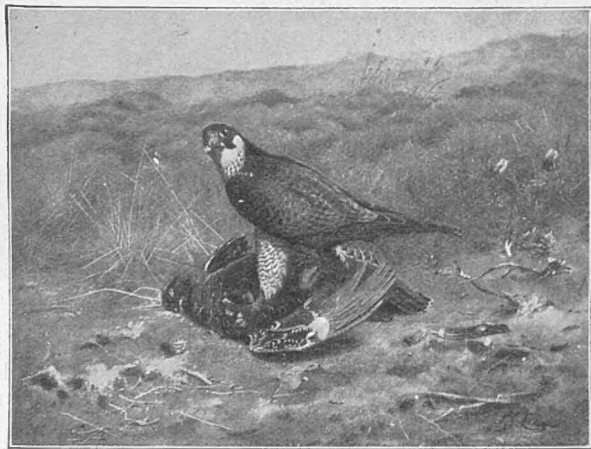
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 13.

THE Markets have been fairly good during the week, and there has been a considerable volume of business carried out; but in the last day or two we have suffered from a relapse, chiefly caused by the nervousness of our French friends and fears of a second Red Sunday in St. Petersburg. Despite the failure of the Lagos Loan, in which the underwriters have been called on to take between 60 and 70 per cent., we do not think new emissions will dry up, nor are we by any means inclined to take the pessimistic view of those who say that the public appetite for sound stocks has been surfeited.

Trunks and Canadian Pacifics have been buoyant; but we cannot help thinking that the huge expenditure which is going on over the new trans-continental line is very much in the nature of a gamble at the risk of the First and Second Pref. If it turns out a success, Little Trunks will be the big gainers; while if by any chance the results are not up to expectation, it is the income of the First Pref. which will have to bear the burden.

Many people think that Japanese stocks are quite high enough, even if peace is nearer than we have any solid ground to believe, for, after an exhausting war and with the certain prospect of having to re-arm its artillery, and spend heavily on an increased Navy, the credit of Japan cannot be put higher than a 4½ or 5 per cent. basis for some years. We do not say that peace negotiations would not make Japanese stocks jump a few points, although we believe the rise has been discounted already; but we do think, with the prospects we see ahead of the country, present prices are high enough.

The Chinese Engineering and Mining Case has ended in a decided victory for His Excellency Chang-Yen-Mao, at whose success we cannot help rejoicing. It will show the Oriental that English justice is even-handed, and the more the judgment is read, the clearer it seems that the Company, in taking possession of the property, and at the same time repudiating the memorandum as to management, was acting in a very inequitable manner. It was grotesque to argue, as counsel for the Company was obliged to do, that if a Chinaman deals with an Englishman he must be taken to know the intricacies of English Company Law, and to understand that a corporation cannot be bound by a contract made before it came into existence by someone purporting to act on its behalf. To tell the truth, very few Englishmen understand the matter.

Richard Hill and Co. shares should be bought, we hear.

MINING MARKETS.

To write of the Kaffir Circus nowadays is to be inveigled into controversy upon the double-commission system, over which the Stock Exchange mind is so greatly exercised at the present time. But, refusing the temptation to discuss House domesticities, we address ourselves rather to the duty of reflecting the course of the market and the opinions of its leaders. Taking these last first, it is still the big-house view that we shall see prices better before many weeks have passed, although this is so obviously interested as to stultify its value as an impartial guide. Turning to the Stock Exchange, one finds amongst jobbers and brokers a theoretical faith in the future that seems to contrast curiously with the practical lack of business which remains the feature of the day. Yet even Stock Exchange opinion cannot be deemed free from the suspicion of special pleading, inasmuch as good prices would undoubtedly bring good trade and fulfil the dream of the long-expectant member. So far as the public are concerned, we find the continued presence of an entire indifference to prices so long as inanition is the only mark of the Kaffir Kraal. Most people profess an anxiety to realise, should the market improve, and whether they would act up to their professions or not—if the revival came—it is obvious that the public has no stomach for speculating in Kaffir shares now. While this attitude of careless apathy is in evidence, both on the part of the public and the big houses, it is futile to suppose that labour or gold returns will have any brilliant effect upon prices, unless, indeed, the figures run to the miraculous.

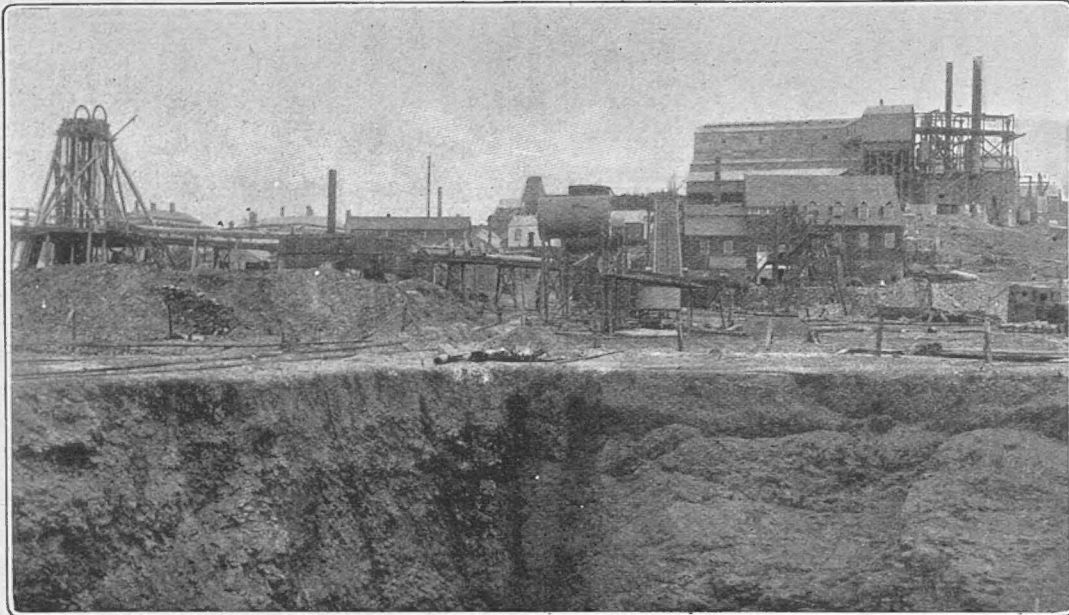
In the other Mining markets the advent of the Jungle revival hangs fire badly, although we understand that arrangements are being made to hasten it. West Australians are almost more neglected than Kaffirs, and the output is certainly disappointing, yet many of the better-class shares yield twice as much on the money as South African dividend-payers. We should not be surprised to see Westralians and Egyptians come to the front rapidly in the spring.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

What a solid satisfaction it is to be a little busy once more! To tear round, to hear three telephones going at once, to see the dealing-books fill up at an unwonted pace—this makes life worth living. Apart altogether from the pleasant prospect of growing profits, there is a keenness of delight about having something to do after a long period of inactivity which comes with all the relish of novelty. The clever broker finds that his efforts to create business are at length meeting with reward. He discovers that his clients look favourably upon his counsel of shifting money from one stock into some other that has better possibilities or better yield. An immense amount of exchange has recently taken place in the two Japanese 6 per cent. Loans, and the prices of the two are not far short of being level, allowance being made for the difference in the coupons. In the Consol Market there is still a good opportunity for selling War stock and buying Irish Land, and making nearly six points per cent. over the transaction. The interest and the security are identical; War stock is *ex*, and Irish *cum* dividend, and, beyond the important fact that War stock will be redeemed at par five years hence, there is no reason for the margin that exists between the stocks. Yet another profitable exchange is to sell New South Wales 3½ per cent. and put the amount into the 4 per cent. debentures of the same Colony. Again, the limited nature of the market in Barry Railway Deferred will not always conspire to permit the price standing at a point at which the return is 5 per cent. on the money, and the holders of Midland Deferred should ponder the desirability of an exchange into Barry Deferred. The Midland Railway's finance is a windmill for critics to tilt at for years to come. To have the capacity for initiating, for creating business, is indeed a great gift to the broker, and, of your charity, I pray you pray it may descend on me.

If the London United Tramways Company does not look out, it will find itself in an uncomfortable position sooner or later. The Chairman at the meeting the other day sneered at the criticisms that have been appearing in the papers, and suggested that, if the judgment of the writers were of the best, they would certainly be occupying quite different positions in the world of finance. As one way of wriggling out of an explanation why the London United Tramways has built up a pitiful £5000 reserve fund in the course of three years, and why the question of depreciation has not been squarely faced, these remarks of Mr. Yerkes



THE OROYA SHAFT OF THE OROYA BROWNHILL MINE, KALGURLI, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

are indeed excellent. They rather reminded a much-revered friend of mine in the House of the story about a workman who was employed in digging a trench for drains. The man was working in the full glare of a midsummer's day, and a passer-by remonstrated with him: "Can't you see that to work in such a sun must be bad for your brains, my man?" The navy looked up at him with scorn writ large on every feature. "You something fool!" he growled, "d'yer think I'd be digging here if I'd got any brains?" Proprietors of London United Tramway shares of either class, Ordinary or Preference, would do well to get out of them, and the Debenture stock does not look as desirable an investment as some that might be named. By the way, there is a good 6 per cent. investment to be had in the New Trinidad Lake Asphalt Debentures at par, or a shade over. The Company pays its interest with clockwork regularity, and a certain proportion of the bonds are being drawn annually at par. It is not so easy to find a good "Industrial" that rejoices in a free market, and at the same time yields a good return upon the money. There are gambling counters, like Deccans, which I am assured will go to 3; there are limited-market varieties, such as Globe Telegraph Trust shares or Eastern Telegraph stock—both good things; there are things which it repays the outsider to keep far away from, such as James Nelsons, or there is the semi-speculative share of the Cement Preference type, which rejoices in a free market one day, next to none at all on the following day. Amongst the speculative stocks might be ranged the Ind, Coope 4½ per cent. "B" Debenture, the price of which is about 71. Buyers are few and far between; sellers abound, and the current gossip says the Company did very badly in 1904, hence the fall in the prices of its securities. Supposing for the sake of argument that Ind, Coope's do pass the dividend on their "B" Preference shares, the year would indeed have to be disastrous if the interest on the "B" Debenture failed to be earned, and to those who are not above buying Brewery stocks I think this Debenture should appeal as a good lock-up.

In the report of the Royal Commissioners who inquired into the working of the Stock Exchange in 1878, there is a very interesting passage upon the subject of double commissions that stands as true to-day as it did seven-and-twenty years ago. Amongst the witnesses examined on the point were Messrs. Trew, Powell, Cawston, and Medley, and what the Commissioners stated was this—

"The other state of facts out of which arises the question of double commissions occurs chiefly, we are told, in the case of new loans remaining in the hands of contractors or bankers. In such cases a broker having an order to buy will, we have been told, instead of going to a dealer in the Stock Exchange, go direct to the contractor outside. He may or may not obtain the stock for his client at a less price than he would have given for it on the Stock Exchange, but whether he does so or not he gets a second commission for himself from the contractor or banker from whom he buys the stock. The custom has been defended by witnesses on the ground that it is a mere extension of the principle of the broker acting for two clients in the case above referred to (namely, one of casual 'marriage' of simultaneously-received

orders to buy and sell the same stock). The contractor, it has been said, is in the position of a client who has given the broker a standing order to sell, and the broker has a right to his remuneration for executing this order. It has been defended also on the ground that the broker takes extra trouble and incurs extra risk in dealing outside the House, and also on the ground that the client, as in the previous case, benefits by the arrangement. We are not of opinion that there is anything in such dealings which calls for their suppression; but as in the case of the divided commission, so in this, we think, the client ought to be informed of the fact. It is an inexorable rule of law that no agent in the course of his agency can, in the matter of his agency, be allowed to make any profit whatever, without the knowledge and consent of his principal, and the rules of the Committee ought to be such as to enforce this principle, which is one of common justice no less than of law."

I have taken the liberty to quote thus fully less with the idea of filling up space than with that of showing how the question appeared in the eyes of a critical body of examiners, such as the Royal Commissioners proved to be. Those gentlemen said as plainly as they could that the receipt of double commission stood in no need of repression, and to-day's talk of jobbers in the Kafir Circus about the loss of business and the rapid drying-up of the market is much on the same level as that which the Commissioners listened to in 1878. Supposing the Stock Exchange Committee forbade the taking of two commissions; would that stop the practice of brokers dealing with outsiders? The latter pay good brokerage—better than the average client sometimes—and the broker would be glad to do the big house an occasional turn, in the hopes of getting further business, more especially if he dealt upon better terms than he could deal at in the House. Now, the other day, a man went into the Kafir Market with an order to buy a hundred shares at 3½, the nominal price being 3½-3¼. The jobber to whom he went made him that price, and, of course, the broker was unable to execute his order. As he walked away, another jobber, a stranger, touched him on the arm, and said he had overheard the conversation, adding that he could get the shares for the broker at 3½. The latter was inclined to laugh. "But they are 3½-¼," he said. "They are," said the other, "but I can get them at 3½ outside, and a commission for myself. If you want to buy them, I will sell you 100 at 3½." Needless to say the broker dealt. What chance has the jobber of competing against that sort of thing? None whatever. He is approached by the brokers when their clients want to sell, because the brokers know that, except in certain circumstances, it isn't much use going to the shop with the offer of a line of shares at the nominal market-price. When the brokers have buying orders, however, they go to the shop and get the double commission. Why have jobbers at all? you may inquire. Because, my dear sir, they are absolutely essential to the freedom of any market, I don't care in what centre of the country, or abroad. I cannot stay to argue out the matter with you, but that you shall see for yourself some of the difficulties of decision which this knotty question entails, is the sincere wish of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

HUDSON'S BAYS.

The event of the week has been the rise of our favourite Hudson's Bay shares from 58 to 74½, followed by a set-back to about 70. The original capital of the Company was £2,000,000 in £20 shares, but this has been reduced to £1,000,000 by the repayment of £10 a share. The total land to which the Company will be entitled is estimated at about 7,000,000 acres, of which it has already selected 4,000,000, and had sold on March 31, 1904, 1,234,000 acres. Without going into a mass of figures, it is enough to say that the average price realised lately has been 25s. an acre, apart from town blocks, so that the unsold lands should bring in over

£7,000,000, and there is still nearly £800,000 owing for instalments on lands already sold. If the current price represents about the present value of the lands, the Canadian Pacific Railway should add considerably to this. As a lock-up, even at 70 or a little over, there is great merit in the shares, but buyers must be content with a small return for their money at this price, unless dividends are on a very much higher scale than they have been of late years. As the Canadian North-West is opened up, there is every prospect of land fetching far better prices than are now current, and to put a limit on the possibilities of Hudson's Bays would be foolish; only, don't forget, if you buy now you may have to wait for your profit. People at one time bought Chartered shares as a provision for their children, although we never favoured the idea, and for that kind of investor Hudson's Bays, even at 70 or over, are, to our mind, far more attractive.

Saturday, March 4, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

TAR BABY.—(1) We should not sell the Electric Tram shares. (2) The De Beers Preferred are not unduly risky. The chance of the monopoly breaking down by reason of the Premier or other mines is the greatest danger. You could get the same rate of interest, or nearly so, out of Argentine Railways, such as Buenos Ayres and Rosario Deferred stock, or River Plate Gas shares, United States Brewing Company debentures, or City of Mexico bonds.

WEST.—The charge is unreasonable, and in such cases it is often arranged that the fee shall be reduced to one shilling. The secretary is within his legal rights in demanding the half-crown, however.

J. S. S.—The Association is, we believe, all right. Try the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution of 1, Adelaide Place, E.C.

ENGINEER.—We hear good accounts of Um Rus, which is in the able hands of Messrs. John Taylor and Sons.

E. G.—See our answers to "E. H." and "Gamma" in last week's issue. You might add Argentine or Chilean bonds.

SOUTH AFRICA.—We like Nos. 1 and 3 the least in your list, although even these are fairly safe. Nos. 2, 4, and 5 are of a higher class, and magnificent investments. See our Stock Exchange letter as to New South Wales securities.

ROBIN.—The address is 18, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C., and the secretary G. T. Verney.

GAMMA.—To properly discuss your letter would require more space than we have to spare. Electric Light shares yield more than Gas, chiefly because of the option of purchase which the municipal authorities have by Act of Parliament. If light and power can be supplied at the price you name, we agree nothing could compete with electricity. It is a long way off yet. No letter has reached us with P.O.O.

We are asked to state that a meeting of the Beira Railway Debenture-holders will be held at Winchester House on Friday, March 10, at 3 p.m.

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